John Bull, January 1st, 1916.

A GOOD NEW YEAR RESOLUTION. See page ii. of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 500. SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

A 22334

For meaning of this number see page 28.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND SEND TO US A WEEKLY COUPON, WHICH AFTER ITS RECEIPT AT OUR OFFICES WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards [illegible], Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion [illegible] Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any [illegible] (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land [illegible] British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days [illegible] injury from any of the events named, we will [illegible] to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions [illegible] below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, [illegible] course of any of these happenings, become [illegible] totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, [illegible] become directly damaged (whether it be private [illegible] of residence in connection with a shop) or shop [illegible] contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one-quarter's [illegible] during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured [illegible] from following his or her usual employment for [illegible] three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be obtained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants rights against any other newspaper insurance body.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers [illegible] British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter [illegible] outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you **MUST** fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be dulyregistered.

Jan. 1st. 1916.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT. [illegible], 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I [illegible] placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN [illegible]

..... *Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being [illegible] injured on land within the British Isles, or of my home or [illegible] contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment [illegible] under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

Jan. 1st. 1916. .....

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above fill in this form and post it to us (a Half-penny Stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above.

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

OLD CALABAR

"RABALAC"

is the ideal food [illegible] builder (spell it backwards). The name [illegible] the quality.

Booklet and Sample [illegible] Foods for Dogs or Poultry sent [illegible] the Old Calabar Biscuit [illegible] Liverpool, Eng.

IMPORTANT.—The "John Bull" Pen Coupon [illegible] for [illegible] on page 23.

Save Your Baby Pain and Yourself Unnecessary Worry

MOST mothers would willingly feed baby themselves, but if the natural supply is deficient in quantity or quality she can nevertheless do so if she herself takes Glaxo and so give her baby a strong constitution, the surest foundation on which to build future health and happiness.

A mother writes:—"Seeing in your book that Glaxo could be taken by a nursing mother I tried it, and not only found that it made the milk richer, but it increased the quantity, and up till now I have been able to feed my child naturally, with the help of your food."

If necessary, baby can have Glaxo in turn with mother's milk. Should the mother be "off colour," be called away suddenly, or receive a shock, baby can have his feeds uninterruptedly, with that regularity which is so necessary to baby's health and well-being is assured.

Glaxo

By Appointment to the Courts of Italy and Spain. Awarded Gold Medal International Medical Congress Exhibition, 1913.

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

Ask your Doctor!

1s., 2s., 5s. *Tins of all Chemists and Stores.*

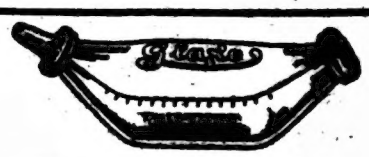
Glaxo can be used in this way because it is pure, rich milk, with extra cream and milk sugar, but the germ-carrying water is driven off. Babies frequently find it difficult to digest the curd in cow's milk, because it forms a leathery lump in his little inside, but in Glaxo this curd forms into small, flaky particles that are easily and quickly digested.

"So far I am feeding my baby myself," writes a mother, "but he has had Glaxo a few times when it has been inconvenient to feed him from the breast. He has kept it down, and it has always satisfied him. What a splendid food it always proves to be! There are so few foods that are a success when used in an emergency in conjunction with breast milk. Glaxo has never failed me once."

When baby cannot have his mother's milk at all, Glaxo should be his sole food from birth.

Give your baby the foundation of a strong constitution by giving him Glaxo, which is used in the Royal Households of both Spain and Italy, by Schools for Mothers, and by Health Authorities at Municipal Milk Depots. These authorities give Glaxo to the babies that are not breast fed because they know how necessary is a pure and nutritious milk to build baby strong and healthy.

FREE A copy of the Glaxo Baby Book, containing 96 illustrated pages of valuable information about baby that every mother should have for instant reference; everything a mother should know to save herself endless worry and unnecessary trouble, and help her to rear a bonnie, healthy, happy baby, is written in simple, understandable language in the Glaxo Baby Book. The book is full of useful hints, such as how baby should be bathed, clothed, fed; how he should sleep; how to recognise and deal with the ailments to which babyhood is subjected. It contains a complete feeding time-table from birth to 12 months, and a long list of useful recipes for baby's dietary up to 2½ years. With every copy we also send a weight chart to enable you to record baby's progress during the first year. If you will kindly enclose a penny stamp towards postage, the booklet will be sent you Free by return.



The Glaxo Feeder has no awkward corners, crevices, or indentations in which food might lodge. The simple shape makes cleaning easy.
The bottle is symmetrical and marked so that the food can be measured from either end.
The Valve and Teat will fit either end, and Baby cannot pull them off and mess himself with the food.
The bottle has a narrow grip so that it can, if necessary, be held comfortably in the hand for twenty minutes without fatigue.

Glaxo Feeder

Glaxo Feeder complete in box, with teat and valve, 1s. Spare bottles 7d. each; teats 3d. each; valves 2d. each.

Glaxo for Adults.

FOR BUILDING UP STRENGTH.—A course of Glaxo will be found superior to the ordinary milk diet, because while Glaxo possesses all the recognised advantages of milk as a food for invalids, it has the additional advantages of absolute purity, adaptability, and easy digestion. Glaxo can be taken in its dry form, or with the addition of boiling water as a thick cream, or liquid hot milk.

Post this Coupon To-day
or a Postcard
To GLAXO, 45R, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

Please send me by return the 96-page GLAXO BABY BOOK, offered FREE to everyone who loves a baby. I enclose a penny stamp for postage.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Chemist's Name .....

Address .....

.....

N.B.—If 3d. in stamps is sent with this coupon a large Trial Tin of Glaxo will be supplied to you in addition to the Baby Book. 1913

"John Bull," 1/1/16

British People

are too apt to think that the brewing of Lager Beer is a German business. It is now a British business and the best Lagers are made in Britain:

Allsopp's

Is the best.

Such visions fair you only see
When smoking pipes of B. D. V.

The new and distinctive Tobacco

B.D.V. LATAKIA MIXTURE

Ask for B.D.V. BLUE LABEL

per 6d. oz.

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., LONDON.

Humber Cycles

—sound, serviceable machines that maintain the Humber reputation for easy running, well-fitted bearings, and absolute reliability.

£4/10/- to £15/12/6

The above prices are now subject to a surcharge of 20% owing to increased cost of material and labour.

HUMBER LIMITED, COVENTRY.

London: 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.; 60-64, Brompton Road, S.W.
Southampton: 25 & 27, London Road. *Agents Everywhere.*

MADE IN A "JIFFY"

"Café au Lait" is the French for "Coffee made with milk"—the delicious beverage of our French Allies. *Milkmaid* Café au Lait is what to ask for if you want "Coffee made in a Jiffy" with milk and sugar already there and only boiling water needed. Once you've tried this delightful beverage, you won't go back to ordinary coffee.

MILKMAID Café au Lait

KAFFAY-O LAY

"Leaves no 'grounds' for complaint."

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.
Cash price 6d. & 11½d. per tin.

Write for attractively illustrated Booklet of Recipes post free on request.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, Eastcheap, London.

INSIST ON

SPRATT'S

FOR YOUR DOG.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 500. Week ending Saturday, January 1st, 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

A Happy New Year.

Last week we had some difficulty in wishing our readers a "Merry Christmas," but to-day we feel no hesitation in wishing, and predicting for them, the happiest of New Years. For, verily, if 1916 does not witness the crowning triumph of our arms against the hosts of Evil—as represented by the Kaiser and his Huns—then, indeed, are we a decadent and lost people. But, as we say elsewhere, the New Year has dawned at last, and in the history of the world it will be known as that in which the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin races—with the splendid aid of the newly-born spirit of Holy Russia—prevailed over the devilish machinations of the Butcher of Berlin, and justified their claim to lead in the van of human progress. A Happy New Year to us all!

Ten Years Old.

This is our 500th number; in other words, we are nearly ten years old. Of our first issue we printed 150,000 copies—which, in its way, was even then a record. To-day, almost ten years older, our circulation is just upon ten times greater. Let us hope we are ten years wiser!

K. of K.

All sorts of rumours are flying around as to the future of Lord Kitchener. We do not profess to be in the secrets of the Cabinet—*but we shall have something to say next week.*

Young and Fit.

Keep your eye on General Congreve. He did wonders at Loos on the right flank of the British. The French not only know, but saw what he did, and to-day he is an Army Corps leader, much to the surprise of the dugouts and jealous ones. Thank God he is young. What we want is youth and brains, not old age and muddle-heads.

"Ter Sloan——?

Having for "good and sufficient reason" packed off Tod to his native land, perhaps the Home Secretary will now "take on someone of his own size." What about the boxing crook, Jack Johnson?

The Two B's.

Bottomley and Bowles may lead the new Government, says the Parliamentary correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*. Well, anything is possible—except Bottomley and Brunner!

A Book for the Holidays.

We refer to Mr. Walter Crotch's delightful volume, "The Pageant of Dickens."

Latest Scratching.

Compulsion for the Derby Stakes.

Compulsion or Resignation.

Watch events. Who will be the first to have the courage of his convictions—and his speeches?

Bravo, Booth!

"Never again," said Mr. Handel Booth in the House of Commons the other night, "will I give a Party vote." Yet another H. B. to the fold!

New Minister Wanted.

It is about time we had that Ministry of Commerce to keep an eye on things. But we shan't get to real business until we have a real Business Government.

Three of Scotch.

Haig for Flanders, *Robertson* for England, home and the General Staff, *Munro* for that wonderful withdrawal from Gallipoli. How these Scots do go ahead!

At Last.

Now we shan't be long! With sausage makers engaged as Inspectors of shell-making (and our dear medical friend Dr. Addison as Deputy Chief Munitioner), how can the Germhuns hope to win? It's all Durnberg nonsense.

Get Out and Under.

With Sir Percy Scott as the man behind the Anti-Zeppelin guns, Arthur Balfour told us we could sleep safely in our beds. Now that he is going, we suppose that our mildest of First Lords will advise us to get under them.

"Come Back, Jack."

For weeks we have been telling the "Wait and Seers" that "Jacky" Fisher is wanted at the Admiralty. Now our friends of the Radical Press are saying the same thing. Bless their dear Fleet Street hearts—how slowly they beat!

Quills and Spills.

Isn't it about time that magnificent quill-pen economy at the House of Commons began? It was promised some weeks ago, but our poorly-paid legislators are still sticking to the quills. As to the spills which were to replace matches—no one has seen them yet.

Medicinal.

The pumpuritans must have been terribly shocked to learn, on the high authority of the King's doctors, that alcoholic refreshment is an excellent aid to convalescence. When it comes to medicine, the very finest brands of ginger beer are seen to be unworthy of mention.

Let your 1916 correspondence be done with a "John Bull" Pen.

Soldiers' Buffets.

Keep the free buffets going—the more the merrier; for our good chaps want something grateful and comforting, and a kindly woman's smile, when they reach our cold railway stations after their long journeys. And let us warn any "Competent Military Authority" who thinks he knows better than the men what they want. These women's buffets should be encouraged.

Double Edged.

"Too late!" was a two-edged sword which Mr. Lloyd George wielded in the Munitions debate. But he swung it with tremendous force against the War Office when he told us that it was left to Mr. Asquith to find out the want of machine guns "on one of his visits to the front in June." Then this interjection. The Prime Minister: "The first visit." Will Lord Kitchener and the Army Council sit still under such a charge?

Peer and Agitator.

There will be surprises for all of us after this war. But there will be nothing surprising in seeing the peerage and the proletariat arm-in-arm. Said Lord Derby at the Alhambra—the prophecy has escaped notice—"Mr. Tillett and I can work together after this war, beating the German in civil life—that is, by keeping him out of this country." And we can all join in *that* chorus.

Where was "A. J."?

We are not surprised that the bigwigs of the French flying service were surprised when they came here the other day, and none of our Chiefs met them—for they had important things to discuss. "A. J.," after all, is First Lord of the Admiralty, and he might have looked in for five minutes and read something from half a sheet of notepaper—something nice and pleasant—just for appearance's sake.

An Echo.

Looking over our old "Letter Bag" pages, we often come across various war gems. Here is one, from our issue of March 2nd, 1912: "G. H. (Burton-on-Trent).—You may not like our 'bellowing against Germany,' as you put it. But when The Day arrives, you and a great many others will remember our warning and our advice. For the sake of the world's peace, progress and prosperity, we repeat—'Stop Germany *now*.'" That was two-and-a-half years before the war.

Who said Lottery?

"In France, Belgium, Italy, and elsewhere the careful tradesman or artisan puts a considerable portion of his savings into the Premium Bonds of the State or the municipality. I am not aware that this renders him less moral or less thrifty than the Briton who tempts fortune in other and more hazardous ways." And that is the opinion, not of naughty sporting us, but of Mr. Sidney J. Low, King's College lecturer, author of "The Governance of England."

Cheery.

This is what a New York reader tells us: "I was at Loew's Theatre in Broadway a week ago when the picture of yourself addressing the crowd in Trafalgar Square was shown and a great cheer was given, punctuated by some hisses (hyphenated ones). Then an enlarged film showed you bowing, and the cheering was renewed. The louder the hisses, the louder was the cheering. The Germhuns here are gradually losing." We thank Broadway for its kind reception. May it have a happy New Year and many of them.

Our Platform.

Learned persons are trying to discover what JOHN BULL stands for. They need not worry. We stand for the British Empire, for Britain and good roast beef and beer all round.

Magnanimity.

People are wondering whether Mrs. Asquith will rest content with the injunction and apology in the case of the *Globe*—or whether she will proceed to trial and insist upon heavy damages.

Kew Gardens.

Mr. Acland says that the charge of a penny for admission to Kew Gardens is justified by the war. We are requested by several M.P.s to ask whether the hon. member will make an exception in favour of men in khaki—whether real soldiers or junior Ministers.

An Appeal to the King.

We have been permitted to see a copy of an appeal to the King, forwarded by a gallant officer who professes to voice the sentiments of the Army. "We are getting weary," it says; "not weary of the fight, not weary of dying—but tired and disgusted at this Government of lawyers who are mismanaging *our* war." Then the appeal proceeds, "We are *your* soldiers and would follow *you* to Hell and back . . . but we are *not* soldiers of these muddle-headed lawyers," and urges the King to "come to us and take command of us." It is a significant document.

More about Armlets.

Though the Civil servants employed in alien camps have enlisted under Lord Derby's scheme, they are not to be allowed to answer the call among their group until they receive written permission from the Government. The enlistment apparently means nothing, and is intended to mean nothing. Single or married, the men will never be called up, and on this condition they have enlisted. "We who have nice fat jobs at the camps, even if we are fit," says one of them, "will be holding the same nice fat jobs when the war is over and the boys come home. And yet all the time we will be wearing the khaki armlet and entitled from the public to all the praise and credit that properly belongs to a soldier." It is delightful to know of a man in a nice fat job grousing because the Government won't let him get out of it.

Ignatius and Bradlaugh.

Mr. Capper, in his delightful book, quotes an appreciation by Father Ignatius of Charles Bradlaugh—and we have already referred to the matter. But we are in a position to give a fuller testimony of the famous Father's regard for the great "Unbeliever." "The reason why I love Bradlaugh so much," he once said, "is because he is so straight up and down. You always know where you are with him—he is a frank unbeliever, though I believe at heart he believes more than many parsons. Take Charles Gore, for instance. Who in God's name knows what that man believes? He is tearing the very heart out of the Bible and out of Christian religion; and yet—you mark my words—you will see him a Bishop one day, sitting with a lot of other whited sepulchres in the House of Lords. No wonder I put Charles Bradlaugh, with his simple honest nature, his enthusiasm for his fellow beings, above a man who is deliberately murdering the Faith of his forefathers. *I could tear Charles Gore limb from limb.*" And in due course Gore became Bishop of Oxford!

Mr. Bottomley strikes a new note in "Everywoman's Weekly."

Preach Economy, Practise Waste.

There is a lot of difference between the Government's precept and the Government's example; which nobody can deny. Take the case of the erection of a munitions factory near Nottingham. Here hundreds of men are being employed pulling down and altering work just finished. What has happened nobody seems exactly to know. Some people think that the floor has been erected in the place of the ceiling, and others that the main chimney has somehow got into the place intended for the grand piano; anyhow men are constantly altering or demolishing work already completed. The main idea of this performance appears to be to chuck money away, but of course the Government may have others which will be presently revealed officially by the Press Bureau.

Not Guilty.

The Cheltenham and District Light Railway Company is not polite to its servants. Affixed to the windows of the Cheltenham trams is a large placard asking passengers to see that the conductors punch their tickets, and to retain those tickets in case of incivility or neglect, "for the purpose of identifying the guilty one." The Company has no right to assume an offence will be committed at some unknown date by some unknown person, and the application of the label, "the guilty one," to conductors who are certainly innocent at present and may never be "guilty," is a libel on a hard-working body of men. The secretary of the Company would be well advised to withdraw the present placard and to revise that part of it which is so needlessly, and so cruelly, offensive.

Two Sentences.

At Birkenhead the other day, two cases came up at the Police Court before the Mayor and Alderman Mason. In the first case a "man" named William Hawkins was charged with assaulting two young girls, "then being passengers in Shaw Street." The animal accosted the girls in a showground and took them for a walk. The Mayor said "there was a great deal of this sort of offence going on in Birkenhead, and the Magistrates would do their best to put it down." But the "best" he could do was to impose a fine of 40s., or 21 days. In the other case, before the same Magistrates, a railway servant, charged with stealing three eggs and being in possession of other property supposed to be stolen, was fined £5 or 26 days. It is impossible to reconcile the two judgments except on the principle that property is of more value than person, even when the person is a young and tender girl.

Registered Letters.

Cast-iron are the regulations of the Post Office; no grievance can move them. It is commonly thought that the registration of a letter meant that any loss would be made good, but this notion must be dispelled. A Canadian soldier, here in England, forwarded some money "where it was needed"—to his home. He registered his letter, but the precaution was in vain. It went down with the *Hesperian*, and he applied to the P.O. for compensation. The official reply refers him to page 71 of the P.O. Guide, where it is stated that "no indemnity is payable when the loss of a registered letter is due to causes beyond control (*e.g.*, tempest, shipwreck, earthquake and war)." And the P.M.G. politely goes on to regret "that there are no grounds on which your claim for compensation can be entertained." It is therefore pretty plain that registration means little beyond a small addition to the coffers of the Post Office.

Scriptural.

A young man in a South Glamorgan colliery district, asked by a recruiting canvasser his reasons for refusing to join up, referred his questioner to Deut. xxiv. 5; where it is written, "When a man hath taken a new wife he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business, but he shall be free one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he has taken." Though the accuracy of the scriptural quotation is unquestionable, it apparently does not appeal with any force to Lord Derby, who distinctly says that the young man who hath taken a new wife shall be even as he who hath taken none.

A Police Orphanage.

Bristol policemen are inclined to criticise the management of the Bristol Police and Fire Brigade Children's Home, towards the upkeep of which deductions are made from their wages. Therefore they feel entitled to speak. They complain that the constables are not properly represented on the Committee, and that they have "practically no voice in the matter." The latest balance-sheet shows an expenditure for twelve months of £432, with only twelve children in the home. This works out at £36 a head for the support of each child, and the men regard it as too costly. They suggest it would be a good plan to dispose of the Orphanage, and make a weekly grant to each widow, with an extra grant for each child. They propose this on the ground of saving, but also because they think a woman, having lost her husband, should not lose her child as well.

Zummerzet.

At Frome there is a sub-committee of the Somerset War Agricultural Committee, and it has adopted a resolution as follows:—"That when there is a real shortage of labour on the farm, the farmer's only son who has taken the place of a skilled worker who has already enlisted should be exempt from enlistment." It reads like a direct incitement to farmers to send away their men and keep their sons at home. Information reaches us that a number of farmers supporting the notion actually are keeping their sons at home, and that the young men may be seen on market day quite jovially slacking, decorated with "stars" and certainly discouraging recruiting. Some of the committee have not reduced their establishment by a single man. One gentleman cited a parish where he said there were only two men available as recruits. He arrived at his figures by forgetting to count the sons of several farmers—including his own. This is not "Zummerzet" style.

"Bullets" in the Trenches.

A young lady who won one of our popular "Bullets" competitions finds that the publication of her name has brought her a letter written under interesting and unique circumstances. The writer is an Australian soldier, at present in camp at Cairo, and this is his story:—"While fighting in the trenches at Gallipoli a few weeks ago, I picked up a piece of a newspaper, which I put in my pocket, and of course forgot all about it. Since then I have been wounded. I am all right now, and on going through my pockets I found, to my surprise, that nearly the whole of the paper had been blown away, and a good piece of my pocket as well. Only one small piece of paper remained, and that contained your address, telling how you won a 'Bullets' Competition. Rather a strange coincidence, wasn't it? Hence this letter." "Bullets" is the oldest competition extant; it has outlived all rivals, and is now proved impervious to shrapnel and the shock of battle.

Don't worry about Zeppelins. See page ii of cover.

Trade Mystery at Dewsbury.

"A special general meeting" of the Dewsbury Chamber of Trade has been held "to consider a private and confidential communication from the National Chamber of Trade *re* 'Co-operative Societies and Income Tax.'" "Acting upon the suggestion of the National Chamber," the meeting was "held in the absence of press representatives." Why the secrecy? Did somebody want to say something nasty about income-tax dodging by Co-operative Societies?

"What a Game!"

One of our readers has unfortunately been caught by the "War Game" as played by Vaughan and Heather, of Mail Order House, Brighton. He did not see our warning in time, so he sent to buy the "game"—and he has been sold. Reading the florid, untruthful advertisement, he says he "expected to get a good game for two bairns whose father is away fighting for his country. All I got was several pieces of cardboard. I got no corks to stand them up. The packet was open when I got it. The only bang I heard was when the postman knocked. The children would have been much more pleased had I given them a penny to buy sweets." Our sympathies are with the disappointed children and their kind friend who paid 1s. 3d. for "100 soldiers," forts, corks, cannon, and accessories, but received only a few rubbishy pieces of cardboard. The ramp is both wicked and cruel.

The Telephone.

A poor fellow, a clerk, lately living at Buxton, was driven, by some mental trouble, to cut his throat, inflicting an injury from which he died some five hours later. But, while yet life was in him, a kindly neighbour hurried to the Borough Hospital "to telephone for the doctor and the ambulance, but they refused to permit me to do so." The Coroner inquired: "Who refused to allow you?" Witness: "The caretaker and his wife." The Coroner: "Why?" Witness: "Because they said the matron was very funny if the telephone was used for any public calls." There was, consequently, delay before the poor man received treatment. We do not say that promptitude would have saved a life, but we do say that the "caretaker and his wife" were grossly in fault. Knowing as they did that the race was between life and death, they had no shadow of a right to refuse the use of the telephone, despite the "funniness" of all the matrons in the kingdom. A fellow creature in peril has first claim.

A Southend Sub.

According to a printed circular, Mr. Hawtin, of Southend, originated a scheme of Road Patrols. So a Committee is arranging a testimonial for him. We hear that, at the meeting where this was set afoot, each Chief Patrol was asked for, and paid, 2s. towards the subscription list. The Committee now sends out collecting cards, remarking casually, "As there are 3,813 Road Patrols, a sum of one shilling per head would raise a substantial amount." We agree, and we note that the expectations are that altogether £200 will be raked in. We also observe this illuminating paragraph in the circular: "We may perhaps add that Mr. Hawtin is actually out of pocket to the amount of £3 4s. 9d. by his work." It is nice to know that there is not an odd halfpenny; we hope none has been overlooked. We prefer to say nothing about Mr. Hawtin's activities, but we are sure very many other patriots have spent more money "out of pocket," and have done equal, if not better, service—and they neither ask for, nor expect, £200. Testimonial touting of this kind is, to our way of thinking, deplorable.

Economy in Windsor Workhouse.

Acting on the report of a Sub-committee on "Christmas extras," Windsor Guardians reduced the tobacco usually given to the Workhouse inmates "an ounce per man," and also, as we gather, reduced the snuff by several sniffs per woman. News is not yet to hand what they did with the beer, but rumour states it was wholly missing from the festive board.

No Truck with Huns.

Our old friend, Sir Edward Clarke, has been telling the students of the City of London College that it is a mistake to think "we could or ought to try to set up economic severance between ourselves and the great German people. There must always be commercial intercourse between us." We are not going to suggest that for all time the British people will refuse to buy from or sell to the Germhuns. But it will be a long time before we do, and then it will be on our terms, not theirs. We have had enough of "peaceful penetration." It meant that just before the war the Germhun financiers did their best to smash our credit, and nearly succeeded; it meant that they cornered the metals of the world and so tried to rob us of our leaden as well as our silver bullets. Britain for the British in the future, and the British Empire for the British, too!

G.P.O. at Fault.

However oppressive in some cases may be the censorship exercised by the Post Office, there are occasions when it is disgracefully lax. We have before us a glaring example in the case of a postal packet which, on the face of it, emanates from Holland, for it bears a Dutch stamp. The enclosure, however, plainly prints its place of origin as Jena, which, we believe, is in Bavaria. It is a reference catalogue, or magazine, of many pages, the "Botanisches Centralblatt," and comes from Germany, through Holland, to be delivered, apparently quite unexamined, by the British Post Office to a gentleman who is addressed as "Herrn Prof. Dr. ——." If a German living in London is permitted to receive mail matter from Hunland in this free and easy manner, much mischief may be done. There is a dazzling impertinence in openly writing "Herrn" on the wrapper, and it is startling to find Mr. Samuel's servants passing the thing for delivery.

A Deal Idyll.

In a recent issue of the *Kentish Telegram* the following advertisement appeared: "Young man, age 20, single, teetotaler, wishing for a nice young girl about same age; do not guarantee to answer any letters.—Apply W. H. Clark, Dairy, Court Lodge Farm, Deal." It is a pity Mr. W. H. Clark is not a little more explicit. In the first place, he omits to state whether he has joined the Army, and if not, why not. He also fails to make it clear for what purpose he requires a "Nice Young Girl"—that is to say, whether for matrimony, dairy work, or merely for dalliance. Furthermore, the sentence, "Do not guarantee to answer any letters," is somewhat cryptic. It may mean that Mr. Clark desires the "Nice Young Girls" to apply personally at Court Lodge Farm, or it may be intended to imply that he does not promise to reply to all or any of the applications he may receive from "Nice Young Girls." On the face of it, we rather fancy that very few "Nice Young Girls" would care to answer so ambiguous an advertisement, unless for the purpose of advising Mr. Clark to don khaki and prove himself a man, as well as a teetotaler, before venturing to indulge his wish for a "Nice Young Girl," in whatsoever capacity she may be required.

"Golden Links" is the new competition in Everywoman's Weekly."

Bishop Hicks Again.

The Bishop of Lincoln always reminds us of the little cottage girl who was eight years old, she said, "'Twas throwing words away, for still the little maid would have her will." His Lordship is just as persistent. In his latest letter to the clergy of his diocese he asks them to "bring the following thoughts" to the notice of their people—said thoughts being grouped round the one of which he has delivered himself to weariness, that "It has been felt by many that in so far as this terrible war is manifestly a chastisement, we have not as a nation been ready enough to remember our national sins of intemperance, betting, gambling, impurity, and love of money, or to confess and repent of them before God." Nothing, apparently, can rid the mind of this painful ecclesiastic of his obsession. The "thought" that the Almighty has selected the Germhun Kaiser as the instrument of his divine chastisement of Great Britain seems to us very much like blasphemy.

An Enemy Mineral Water.

Though there has been from time to time a great deal of talk about boycotting enemy products after the war, we fear much of it will never materialise. There is no special reason we know of why this country cannot get along without Hunyadi Janos, for instance, compounded, as it is, of sulphate of soda and sulphate of magnesia—in other words, of Glauber salts and Epsom salts—and derived as it is from Budapesth. Notwithstanding this fact, Messrs. Ingram and Royle, Ltd., of Bangor Wharf, are apparently so anxious that the British public should be physicked with this enemy product that they have applied for permission, which the Government have granted, "to import a consignment of the above which left the springs previous to the outbreak of hostilities." For ourselves, we do not care when Hunyadi Janos left the springs. It suffices that Great Britain is now at war with Austria-Hungary; that being so, it seems to us lacking in the patriotic spirit to sell or seek to sell or buy any Austro-Hungarian product which the country can do without.

Utter Tosh!

The monstrous preposterosity of the No Treating Order as it affects a man and his wife has now been exemplified. A Bristol man has been fined 9s. for standing his wife a drink. For the same money the man could have purchased a couple of bottles of whisky, taken them home, and, had he felt so disposed and his wife been willing, could have encouraged her to drink until she was "blind, speechless and paralytic" and all was blue, and yet have committed no offence against the law! But because he paid for his wife's refreshment in a public place, where excessive indulgence can be checked, he is haled before the Bench and fined. It was all very well for the Magistrates to say that "if justice laid it down that a man could pay for liquor for his wife, the licensee would be landed in the further difficulty of having to satisfy himself that the lady in the man's company was his wife." That is all tosh. The licensee would fulfil all his moral duty by asking: "Is that lady your wife?" and accepting the customer's reply. If the latter told a lie, he and the partner of his "crime" should bear the punishment, not the licensee. As a matter of fact, we do not think there are many women who would venture publicly to pass themselves off falsely as a man's wife for the sake of a cheap drink. The new drinking restrictions are made up of irritating absurdities, but the most pifflingly ridiculous of them all is that which forbids a man to pay for his wife's refreshment in small quantities

Whoppers and Wireless.

There is a distressing economy of truth in the advertisements of the North British Wireless Schools, Ltd., of Melville House, Dundee, 141, Bath Street, Glasgow, and 48, George Square, Edinburgh. "Young men of 17—39 are trained by us in about six months as wireless operators," it says. . . . "The wireless service is the only career to-day offering young men rapid advancement and salaries reaching to over £600." Now as many young men have thrown up good situations to chase this will-o'-the-wisp, and many more may follow them unless they are disillusioned, we may as well state the difference between fact and fancy. So far as our knowledge goes, there are no firms at home or abroad paying wireless operators anything like £600 a year. In the Marconi Company, junior operators commence at 17s. 6d. weekly, plus lodging at sea, and under present conditions no wireless operator in that or any other company will ever reach such a salary as that advertised. The salary is a delusion and the advertisement a snare.

The Will and the Way.

It is our pleasure from time to time to acknowledge the strikingly ingenious ways in which loyal and kind-hearted readers of JOHN BULL get their favourite paper into awkward corners of the earth. Never have we acknowledged a letter with greater pleasure than that which reaches us from Mr. Thomas Hill, of 13, Florence Place, Newhaven. "I am sending you the letter we last received from the Front," he says, "just to let you know the way we stevedores get JOHN BULL across the Channel. As soon as the paper comes out, one of us gets it and writes somebody's address on it and puts it in a bag of oats, and the soldier that gets it and answers the address gets a present of cigarettes. There are ten of us in the ship's hold, and giving sixpence each we give the lucky one a good smoke." With his own letter Mr. Hill encloses this one: "Many thanks for the copy of JOHN BULL found in a bag of oats. I was quite surprised on emptying the bag to see it tumble out. What struck me first was the recent date, and on opening the first page I saw your address, so I thought I would drop you a line and let you know it had been found." An editor who has readers as devoted as the ten stevedores of Newhaven has indeed reason to be grateful.

"Bluggy."

Certain of our soldier friends are inclined to criticise because we applied the term "bluggy yarns" to the story of the London Irish and their football, and to that of the Frenchman who cried, "Up with you, dead men!" Surely their criticisms are undeserved and based on a misconception. "Bluggy" is a word of literary slang, used by authors and others to describe a tale that is fine, strong, healthy, and full-blooded. Robert Louis Stevenson's robust story, "Treasure Island," is often called a bluggy yarn. When we used the expression, we did so in complimentary description of two good stories of the war, and respecting those stories we said, "We are going to call them true." We still call them true, though other soldiers—such are the beautiful contrarieties of human nature—have called on us to disbelieve. We have confirmatory evidence that the London Irish did take a football with them when they charged, and Mr. Redmond also relates the incident. The other story was traced to a French officer in hospital. Of course his men were not dead, but they were so badly wounded as to be next door to it. When the Germans entered the trench, he called on his "dead men" to get up and turn them out. And they did. So both the stories are true.

1916—THANK GOD!

"IF YOU SEE IT IN 'JOHN BULL'"—OUR SLOGAN VINDICATED.

BY THE EDITOR.

1916. Thank God! Thank God that we have been privileged to outlive 1915—with all its ghastly record of Bungle and Blunder. A nation that can survive such a trial as *that* can never be beaten. In a sentence, a nation which, in the hour of real stress, can withstand the strain of the Party fraud—with its hierarchy of duds and dudes—and, at the end of a year, be not weaker but stronger than at its birth, must, indeed, possess a latent strength, a store of vitality, sufficient to see it through any ordeal. But I doubt whether the ordinary citizen realises the tragedy and the lesson of the year 1915. That year should have witnessed the dawn of Britain's greatest glory; as it was, it nearly witnessed the setting of her sun; and we have to look to 1916 for the effulgent light of Victory and Peace.

THE WAR.

Let us be candid. Who will deny that so far as the war is concerned this has been Britain's Black year? Only now are we where we ought to have been when hostilities commenced; where we *should* have been under any sane system of government. And what has been the result? The politicians—and I say it deliberately—have killed or maimed half a million of our countrymen, and have thrown away hundreds of millions of money; whilst they have enormously lowered our prestige in the eyes of the world. That is the sum total of their achievement for the year. Despite all warnings, they were caught napping, and, when caught, they floundered and faltered, and ultimately broke down altogether. Consequently, every impartial referee is bound to say that the first round has been Germany's. It is a humiliating confession, and is the more exasperating because, had we used our strength, the enemy would have been knocked out at the start. But we are a forgiving people—and no heads will be chopped off. I suppose we realise that every nation gets the Government it deserves. And so we shall, in the end, agree to wipe 1915 out of the Calendar—to pretend that it has never been; just as the politicians are doing with their new Parliament Act. Ah, yes. I know; it is all very well to say wipe it out, when to thousands of bereaved homes it will ever remain a hideous reality. That, indeed, is the tragedy of it. It is the penalty; and in God's justice it has fallen upon all alike—great and lowly; rich and poor; man, woman and child. But it is over now. At last we are ready—and the end is in sight. None of us will to-day begrudge the giving of his best, his all, for the great cause—now that it is War and not Murder. And we shall not give in vain. Victory—complete and everlasting—is within our grasp, and we will not miss it, this time. There shall be peace—but Peace without Pardon, and without Mercy. I believe there are some sins which even God could not forgive; I am certain there are some which Man has no right to forgive—and this crime of Germany's is one of them. If you ask me to sum up, in a word, the duty of Britain and her Allies towards the German Empire, I give it you—Annihilation Nothing short of that will avenge the infamies of the Huns. Nothing short of that will sanctify the sacrifice of our loved ones. So, politicians, please note—or your heads may be in jeopardy, after all.

POLITICS.

And this brings me to the consideration of the political situation. What a change the year has wrought! When the war came I predicted that after destroying Germany we should slay the Party system. But the order has been reversed. Poor old Party could not stay the course. What I said was this: "One thing is certain. The present system of Party is inevitably doomed. It will break down utterly, and in the interregnum preceding the birth of a Business Government we shall have a Coalition Ministry which, in its turn, will come to the ground." Well, we have the Coalition—and my only fear is that it may not last the war out; which would be a grave calamity for the nation. *That* is why I keep silent about many a matter upon which, in normal times, I should have much to say. *That* is why I say we must support the Government at all cost; for any cost will be less than that of Revolution—which is the only alternative to-day. *That* is why I was sorry to see Sir Edward Carson leave the Ministry; *that* is why I regret to hear of other pending resignations. I appeal to Mr. Bonar Law, especially, to set the example of loyal sacrifice of personal predilection. Mr. Asquith has pledged himself, at last, to "stick at nothing" to win the war—and we must stick to him. When it is over we will have a reckoning; and it shall not be by means of an Inquiry or Commission, or any other old trick of the kind. The Trial shall be short and sharp; the papers are all ready, and the case shall be set down in the Short Cause List. But it must stand over, by consent, till after the war—by order of Mr. Justice Bull.

OUR OWN RECORD.

And may I now, without impropriety, say something of the work of this journal, and its Editor, during the past year? After all, I am speaking to my own readers; we are holding a family council. Let us, therefore, sit down in our shop—the "John Bull National Emporium—the Co-operative Store of Ideas." We will take stock, as every shopkeeper does. Let us see how we stand; what "lines" have prospered; what proposals put in the front window have "made good"; what brain wares, if any, have proved a drug in the

market. We turn the leaves of the ledger, and against the original entries we find that in more items than we can blushingly admit there is the red tick of the Government Auditor, the mark of approval, and, in the majority of cases, of adoption.

BUSINESS GOVERNMENT.

To take our biggest line first—Business Government. It has been going well—particularly in the last few months. As the muddles and mistakes of that greatest of all businesses—the business of a world-wide war, have shown what we have suffered from the lack of minds of decision and methods of precision, the cry for Business men to run the war campaign has grown loud in the land. Some of our daily newspapers (which we suppose live by business methods, and yet have so long denied that to run a nation's business the mere politician must make way for the Business man) are showing signs of grace. The thunders of Printing House Square and the smaller notes of Fleet Street and the Strand are now echoing with voices too long silent: "Give us Business Men"; "What we want are Business methods." Of course the politicians do not like Business men. The fellows of Whitehall and Westminster who have never done a day's Business in their lives don't want to begin. But they cannot long put off the terrible day. Our legislators have begun to grasp the idea; but they do not yet understand what *we* mean by Business Government. Anyone can call himself a Business man. Why, even our dear medical friend, Dr. Addison, of the Munitions Ministry, does—but what we are still looking for are men of Business training and habit; that is quite a different proposition. But Business Government is going strong as John Bull's leading line.

MILITARY SERVICE.

What of another line, closely related—the call for a supreme national effort to win this cruel and bloody war? Optimist? Yes, an incurable optimist where British pluck and grit and resource are concerned; an incorrigible optimist if belief in the destiny of a great people is optimism. But an optimist on terms. These are the terms—we put them in the window about a year ago. May we bring them out for a moment to show you the quality of our goods? There have been many imitations since made in the Government factories of Westminster and Whitehall, but really we think the original article stands the test.

> The triumphant cry "To Berlin" must be echoed not only by the Allied troops serving in the field, but by every man of serviceable age and of fit condition now resting idly at home while others guard his free citizenship from the menace which assails it. This in brief is our New Year's message to the young manhood of the country. . . . All our prophecies of early victory are based upon the assumption that in the hour of utmost trial, no single citizen will refuse to bear his part.

That has remained in the window ever since last New Year's Day. In March we began to travel the country, offering the wares of patriotism, extolling the merchandise of manhood; and New Year 1916 finds us still the Traveller, on platform and stage, beating the big drum of Country, King and Duty. And if we have made lighter the task of Lord Derby, the creation of whose post was also due to us, then our work has not been in vain.

OTHER WARNINGS.

There was that bright idea that Lord Haldane should follow in the footsteps of Prince Louis—for whose retirement from the Admiralty we, too, were responsible. He stood somewhat on the order of his going—but he went. And let him play none of his getting-back tricks. The Kaiser's Garter and the banner in St. George's Chapel next came into view in our shop window. And we soon got rid of them. Talking of the kaiser (small k, Mr. Printer—the only capital he is to be "honoured" with is capital punishment) there was our early warning of air raids and submarine frightfulness. Tirpitz's merry threat to make ruthless war on our unarmed mercantile marine was laughed at in high places. The Wait and Seers did not believe in the underseaers. How fatally true was our reading of the psychology of the Hun, the *Lusitania* and other ocean murders proclaimed to all the world. Then, again, we told Masterman to go; we indicated our very definite displeasure with McKenna as Home Secretary, and at the same time we begged the "P.M." to strengthen his Government with Balfour, Bonar Law and Austen Chamberlain. Then in May our ledger shows a very strong line in Coalition goods. "Let us re-organise the Government. Let us try one more experiment in Coalition, despite the dictum of Disraeli." Six weeks later Mr. Asquith found Coalition on the doorstep of Downing Street.

FOOD SUPPLIES.

A few months later we proclaimed the need for a well-considered policy for increasing our food production, and continued to urge that "our expeditionary force must be strengthened by the whole available manhood of the nation"; if we saw we must "teach 'em blockade" and use the most powerful weapon at the service of a naval belligerent, we were only treading where others have followed. The politician has not yet taken our advice to have done with the catch words and scratch ideas of "economics." If he had done so the Committee which inquired into our proposal for increasing the food production of the country would not have failed just because some of its members favoured a tariff or a bounty. Call it what you will, hide it how you may, we have to make provision for the future by some form of fiscal pressure; and all the moanings of the "Manchester School" and all the protests of the politicians won't alter it.

MUNITIONS AND ALIENS.

"Our factories must put all aside to assist in the supply of war material." That was among our summer goods. And we never ceased pushing the line, until at last we got our Minister of Munitions. "No mischievous self-complacency" was also a useful line. Another demand—that the alien enemy should be forbidden to hold property under the protection of the British law—hung fire until a week before our dear legislators rose for the Christmas holidays. Then, all of a sudden, our lawyer-statesmen decided to do something. And so I might go on, but I have vindicated my role of Purveyor of Ideas to the House of Commons—a role in which I think that in the existing posture of public affairs I am more usefully employed than I should be in wasting my time in Parliament. Perhaps after the war—but that is another story!

TOO LATE, TOO LATE!

THE HEARTENING OF THE ENEMY BY CABINET MINISTERS.

BY A. G. HALES.

The Right Hon. Lloyd George will never be out of the limelight. There will always be an opening for him on the stage as an actor when his parliamentary career ends, as it may end when, after the war, this most amazing Government is "scrapped." But there is as much difference between Lloyd George in power and Lloyd George seeking votes as there is between Donald drunk and Donald sober. When in power it is not the Dukes he damns, but the masses. Whenever the Government is in a mess over a bad phase of the war, and needs a red herring drawn across the scent of their blundering, up jumps the little man from Criccieth, ready and eager to trounce his once dearly beloved friends, the workers. Sometimes he shakes his fist and tosses his long hair about in the breeze, as if he fancied he was a war-horse champing on the bit.

THE WAIL FROM THE IDOL OF WALES.

At other times he adopts a more or less majestic pose; his mobile lips wreathe themselves into sarcastic curves; he clutches his coat tails, and draws them round his legs, as if under the delusion he was dear Britannia in breeches, and did not want to be immodest. But of late his favourite pose is that of a modern Jeremiah with a bad bilious attack. Sadly and solemnly he wails, "Late, too late," and the dear little man is right. It *is* too late for repentance on his part; eleventh-hour conversions *may* cheat the Devil, they won't cheat the British public. In all his poses he is effective, and mostly picturesque, but why does he always bite the hand that fed him? Has his once clever brain lost its cunning that he forgets that they who made him can as surely break him?

JEREMIAH GEORGE AND THE DARDANELLES.

Mr. Asquith, a very nice old gentleman, with an amazing faculty for sticking tightly to anything in the shape of power, was in a parlous position, owing to the retirement of our troops, as an effective force, at the Dardanelles; he had to make the announcement in the Commons and was not sure how the public would take the news of the great strategic *débâcle*; so Mr. Lloyd George was ready with his old red herring, which, by the way, is now beginning to smell too high to suit the public stomach. With a face of woe and a voice of dolour, Mr. Lloyd George set about trouncing the workers in the munitions factories In the parlance of a bygone age, these munition workers were, according to the gospel of Lloyd George, a scurvy lot of lazy loons; he did not use those exact words, but that is what his wailing and whimpering amounted to. But no one in this country believed him; his red herring smelt too high, its trail across the news of the Gallipoli disaster was too obvious to deceive anyone. That there are some utterly lazy wastrels in our munitions factories no one with any knowledge of the facts will deny, but that the great bulk of the workers are shirkers, no common-sense man will believe. Mr. Lloyd George is Minister of Munitions; *he* is the self-appointed man of "push and go," the nonpareil of the Business world. Why does he shirk his duties? If wastrels are as common in the workshops as he implies, why does he not prosecute, and if need be imprison, the worthless ones, and once and for all time cease defaming the working community in the ears of the civilised world? He must know that such utterances from such a source are calculated to discourage our own fighting men and hearten the enemy. That speech of his as Minister of Munitions was worth more to the enemy than the winning of a pitched battle. No wonder the German journalists are crying to their public, "Stick to it a little longer, and we'll win, the British are sick of it." It is high time Mr. Lloyd George was told that if he thinks the British people are a lazy, drunken lot of wasters, he had better emigrate. That speech of his did us more harm than all the newspaper attacks written by badly balanced journalists. His whimpering and the whimpering of his colleagues is enough to turn the national stomach.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAID.

If there is a shortage of good and reliable labour in the factories, why did not the Minister of Munitions, or the Premier, say, as JOHN BULL has been telling them to say for the last six months, that the Government means to get on with the war by making use of millions of black and brown soldiers from Africa and Egypt, and keeping the pick of the skilled workmen here to manufacture munitions? Why did these gentlemen not tell the Commons that Germany will enrol the fighting tribes of the East by the million if she makes good her footing there long enough to do so. We could and should have enrolled them under our flag months ago, for fighting is "bed and breakfast" to some of the Eastern tribesmen, and if they don't fight *for* us, they'll fight against us. I am free to confess I do not understand the ways of this Government. A little time back Mr. Asquith told the nation that "our financial position was serious." Now Mr. George says our workmen won't work. A nice, cheerful pair of elderly gentlemen, upon my soul! They seem to me to lay awake o' nights thinking of something fresh with which to depress the people and sicken them of the war; at times I wonder if *that* really is their little game. Are they paving the way to a peace palaver? Was that a put-up political job when a gentleman by the name of Byles (I think it was Byles—it was something that made me feel ill) rose solemnly in the Commons and questioned the Premier concerning German peace talk? This gentleman wanted to know, if you please, if there was not a better way to end our quarrel with Germany than by fighting over it!

THE DOVETAIL AND THE DOVE.

The nature of the Premier's reply intimated to my limited intelligence that he and the Byles person had some sort of an understanding that question and answer might be taken as a feeler in regard to the temper of the House of Commons regarding the war. I may be mistaken; even Solomon might be forgiven for misunderstanding the ways of our great politicians. But *was it a little job*, and was Mr. Lloyd George's atttack on the workers a piece to dovetail into that same job, so that peace palaver could be opened with Germany on the basis that the British workman is responsible for the failure of the Allies to bring the Germans to their knees? JOHN BULL has been warning the public for a long time to "watch out" for the enemy within the gate; and you'd better watch. This much I can assure the politicians: The people of Great Britain mean to see this war through. They are not lazy; they are not drunkards, they are not weaklings; to the last ounce of national vitality they will cling to this job, until the German Empire lies face downwards in the dust of defeat. We can win, and we will win; for our fighting mettle is the best on earth. It is the politicians who hold us back from victory, crushing and complete

WHY THE WORLD LAUGHS AT US.

THE SHAM BLOCKADE OF GERMANY—HOW WE ARE FOOLED.

By W. H. Behrens.

Ever since we have been a maritime power our most effective weapon has been the naval blockade of the enemy's coasts, to prevent not only munitions of war but any useful commodity reaching his shores. At the outbreak of this war, however, the Government announced its intention to adhere to the Declaration of London—foisted on us by Germany for the purpose of emasculating our maritime power—which the House of Lords had declined to ratify. (I will not weary my readers with the technicalities of contraband, "conditional" contraband and "continuous voyage"—so dear to the hearts of lawyers—and so profitable!) Suffice it to say that under it we were to abandon our right to search neutral vessels carrying goods to the enemy. Compelled by the pressure of public opinion, the Government reluctantly, but bit by bit, whittled away the provisions of the Declaration until finally it was entirely repudiated, and our Germanophile gas-bags had to eat their words. And in March last we resolved to enforce a strict blockade on Germany as a punishment for her submarine piracy.

Words, Words, Words.

Mr. Asquith said that "we were driven to frame retaliatory measures in order to prevent commodities from reaching or leaving the German Empire," and that "under existing conditions there is no form of economic pressure to which we do not consider ourselves entitled to resort"; and this Mr. Bonar Law interpreted as meaning that "nothing of any kind will be allowed to go in or come out of Germany the entrance or exit of which it is in our power to prevent." How has this pledge been fulfilled? After sixteen months of war it is evident that necessaries of life are still reaching Germany in large quantities—of which a *great proportion is being exported from this country*. The Government has entered into a trade agreement with certain "Associations" in Denmark, the details of which it has so far declined to disclose, but which are now well known. This agreement the Danes themselves declare "will much more than ever help Germany to be fed, the war prolonged, and the blockade made a joke." Of oil seeds, nut butter, and vegetable oils alone, so necessary to replace Germany's scarcity of fats, we sent to Denmark last November nearly half-a-million pounds' worth—an increase on the figures for November, 1914, of over £100,000! Of course, Denmark does not require these things—she makes all the butter she uses. These agreements have no official Danish support or sanction, and the "Associations" themselves are described as of small standing and open to anyone—Germans and all—on payment of a trifling subscription.

Defying the Blockade.

In spite of the severe penalties imposed for trading with the enemy or holding any communication with him, there are traitors in our midst—German-born, let us hope—who have sent goods to Germany through Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland, and Switzerland, and who are thus aiding the enemy to an equal extent as if they were fighting on his side with arms in their hands. It was nothing less than licensed murder to allow cotton to reach Germany for six months after the outbreak of war. Until cotton was declared contraband, and for some time after, thousands of tons did get to Germany, of which a large quantity came from this country. During the first six months of this year we sent to Sweden nearly nine times the amount, and to Holland nearly ten times the amount, which they got from us last year. They are not great manufacturing countries and do not themselves use anything like these quantities. But raw cotton is the base of all explosive nitro-compounds, and it is perfectly evident that the cotton exported by us to neutral countries filtered through to Germany to keep her guns going. The exports to neutral countries of cotton yarns and waste have also increased in abnormal proportions, probably to help Germany to make clothing for her soldiers, and clean her arms and machinery. Thousands of hundredweights of tea, coffee and cocoa have been sent to Holland—far exceeding the requirements of that country. It is unthinkable that British merchants should be so prostituting the trade mark of Britain throughout the world—the honour of an Englishman—as to be consciously engaged in this unholy traffic.

To Tyburn with the Traitors!

But whether English, German, Aliens or Allies, the traitors must be smelled out. Ordinary punishment is too good for them. Draw them on hurdles to Tyburn in view of the public, hang, draw and quarter them, scatter their ashes to the four winds of heaven, and confiscate their lands and property. Even if they have not been actually alive to the fact that their goods were reaching Germany, there is no distinction between wilfulness and indifference to or recklessness of the consequences amounting to dishonesty. If a man is purposely blind and chooses to forgo making inquiries because he fears the answers will be unsatisfactory he is just as guilty as he who knows that he is committing a crime, and even if he makes inquiries he must have reasonable ground for believing in the truth of the answers. But the real traitors do not want the truth. All they care about is the piling up of dollars, cynically indifferent as to how their illicit gains are secured and whether their consignments are helping to destroy us.

A Murrain on Money!

Certain colliery proprietors have been urging the Government not to interfere with coal exports, but our one aim at this moment is to win the war, beside which trade and profits are of no moment. We are out to win, and to win the war we have to deprive the enemy of anything that will be useful to him, whether for military or domestic purposes. The very coal which we have exported in such large quantities to Norway and Sweden may, at this moment, be in use by Germany's Navy; may have been used by Krupp's for producing guns and ammunition, may have been converted into tri-nitro-toluol for the base of their explosives, benzol for driving their motors, and sulphate of ammonia for fertilising their fields. God help us! We are the laughing stock of the world. Well may the Germans say: "*You will always be fools, and we shall never be gentlemen.*" The Government *must* be made to put its foot down, and whole-heartedly support the Navy in effectually preventing the enemy from obtaining goods. Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland swarm with German agents ready to perjure themselves to any extent. Hoodwinking our Government is child's play to them. Are we a nation of business men or of blundering fools? Is our naval blockade to be directed by amateur blockheads, or by the Admiralty? Are we as a nation fit to bear the inheritance of Nelson and Wellington and to destroy the domination of Germany, as we shattered that of Napoleon; or are we to go down to posterity as a nation of shopkeepers, out to make money—honestly, if we can—but to make money?

WAR LITANY FOR 1916.

By A. O. Richardson.

From the consequences of past blunders, made both before and since the beginning of the war,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From Pacifists, Anti-Conscription Leagues, Unions of Democratic Control, Reconciliation Fellowships, Perpetual Mediation Movements, Friends' Service Committees, Ford Peace Troupes, and kindred bodies,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From Stop-the-War Ranters, Feed-the-Germans Fanatics, Sedition-mongers, Peace Parasites, Religious Humbugs, Parliamentary Windbags, Be-Kind-to-the-Germans Cacklers, Psalm-singing Temperance Cranks, Narrow-minded Bigots, Strike Agitators, and all traitorous and mischievous meddlers,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From the Haldanes, the Bernard Shaws, the Ramsay Macdonalds, the Snowdens, the Trevelyans, the Ponsonbys, the Morels, the Bertrand Russells, and all other mischief-makers, fools and traitors,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From Strikers, Slackers, Job Stealers Idlers, Cowards, Excuse-makers, "Wait-Till-I'm-Fetched" Men, "Wait-and-See" Politicians and Non-producers,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From Dismal Jimmies, Weak-kneed Croakers, Mother Grundys, Stigginses, Paul Prys, Curfew Bells, and Nonconformist Foolery,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From preachers of thrift who practise reckless extravagance whilst urging the people to save half their earnings,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From the continued neutrality, benevolent or otherwise, of Kings and Presidents who view with apparent unconcern the crimes of the Germans in Belgium, the brutalities of the Bulgarians in Serbia, and the murders of the Turks in Armenia,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From Party Politics, and Religious, Political and Social controversies,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From the sins of Lawyer Politicians, the delays, blunders and time-wasting methods of Cabinet Ministers; from the multi-eloquence of both Party leaders and followers,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From weak-minded leaders and shilly-shallying diplomats,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From further delays in the organisation of the full man-power and money-power of the Empire,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From Magisterial leniency towards German law-breakers; from the employment of men and women of German birth in Government Departments and the households of Government Officers,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From the greed of War Contractors and others who are making huge war profits,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From further waste of the mighty minutes which, properly employed, hasten victory,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From further Liquor Control orders,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From all unmarried men of military age who are seeking refuge behind clerical clothing,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From the resignation of Lord Kitchener before peace is declared,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From Peace Terms other than those on which Lord Kitchener sets his mark of approval,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.
From premature or inconclusive peace terms, suspension of hostilities or a truce before the military domination of Prussia is fully and finally destroyed,
O God of Battles, Spare Us.

BUNGLING AT BUNGALOW TOWN.

ACQUIESCENT AUTHORITIES AND CINEMA CAMERAS.

In the interests of public safety, severe restraints have been imposed upon the taking of landscape photographs, especially in naval and military areas, and in existing circumstances no one disputes the wisdom of restrictions so obviously related to the Defence of the Realm. The public, however, have a clear right to demand that regulations of this kind shall be strictly enforced, and that no trace of slackness or partiality shall disfigure their administration. In plain terms, there must be no ground for the suspicion that, in a matter of such vital moment, it is the habit of the authorities to make fish of one and flesh of another. Unhappily, there are indications that in some few instances oversights of an alarming nature have occurred. Into the circumstances of one such case we have made exhaustive inquiry, with results which seem to call for the fullest publicity.

They "*Do* Love to be Beside the Sea!"

The facts may be briefly set out, and we desire it to be understood that at every point the evidence for our statements is at the disposal of the authorities. Most readers will be aware that the vicinity of Shoreham, Sussex, is an important military area. Within a short distance from the town are an Army camp where military exercises are in constant progress, a naval air-station, and a military aerodrome. A more interesting situation from a belligerent and especially from an enemy point of view it would be hard to find. Around this district there would, we imagine, be short shrift for the casual photographer. Permits for this purpose are virtually impossible to obtain, and must, in any case, be countersigned by the military authorities. Yet, at Bungalow Town, Shoreham, in the direct line of vision from the camp, from the aerodromes, and from the sea, an amazing spectacle confronts us. It is nothing less than a fully-equipped depôt for cinema production, with a studio built almost entirely of glass, and containing photographic apparatus of a most efficient kind. Moreover, the building has a floor of solid concrete, and we have competent authority for the statement that the foundations are "solid enough for a siege gun." It should be added that the premises are privately owned and controlled, and have no sort of connection with Government work or observation. The moving spirits of the cinema enterprise are two gentlemen named Lyndhurst and Obermer, the latter individual being apparently a trifle dubious as to the correct spelling of his name, while in regard to Lyndhurst uncertainty deepens. Indeed, we are disposed to fancy that in a moment of absent-mindedness this gentleman might respond not unreadily to such a cognomen as Schmidt.

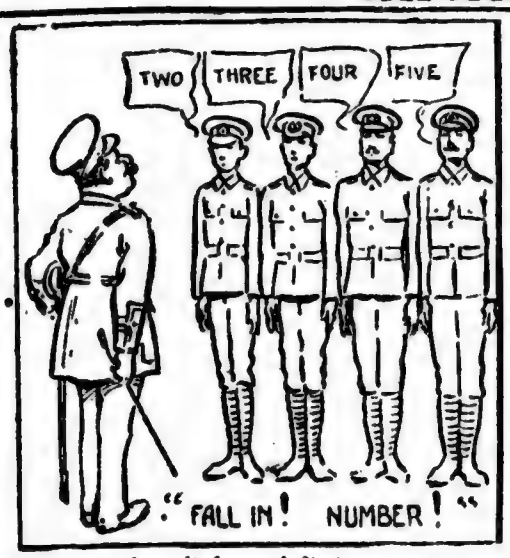
The Professionals' "Pull."

Here, then, are the main factors of the situation. This specially adapted building, ostensibly devoted to cinema production, is in the heart of a military zone; yet its owners, two gentlemen of doubtful antecedents, apparently enjoy uninterrupted facilities for landscape photography. Although amateur photographers are forbidden, under the most stringent penalties, to pursue their hobby within a mile of the seashore, or in the vicinity of military stations, these nondescript individuals, with the advantage of a complete professional equipment, are for some reason, or more probably for none, permitted to pursue their fascinating occupation unmolested and apparently unobserved. That they enjoy a permit exempting them from the scope of the ordinary regulations is unthinkable, and it can only be inferred, either that the military authorities are unaware of the circumstances, or that they have imperfectly realised the gravity of the situation. In either case, the time has come for plain speaking, and upon the strength of our investigations, which have covered far more ground than it is possible to traverse in the space of a single article, we venture to demand that the Bungalow Town cinema studio shall be instantly closed and its proprietors bidden to take their films elsewhere. As our readers are aware, we are not among those who decry the moving picture industry; but there is a place for all things, and the place for a cinema studio is not the Sussex coast, particularly when the spot selected is close to an important military station.

The Pen of Pens is the "John Bull" Pen.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

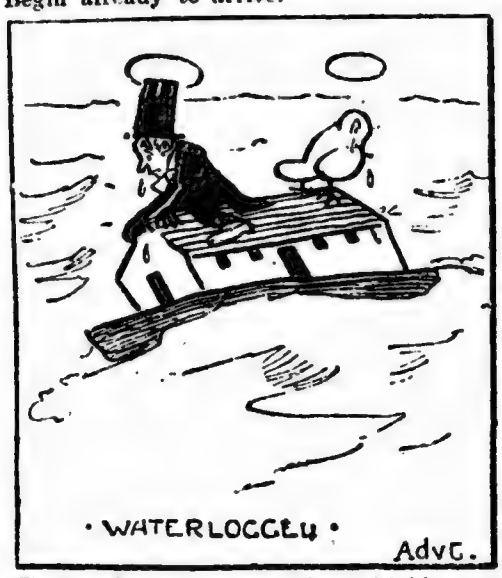
BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."



Not long has it been left to some
To wait the summons of the drum—
Groups 2 and 3 and 4 and 5
Begin already to arrive.

The Germans are, like naughty boys,
To be deprived of Christmas joys,
Whereas the French behold with glee
The promised flag of victory!

What are the gloomy thoughts, we wonder,
That Winston and Lord Robert ponder,
As they behold with downcast eye
The heroes of Gallipoli?



Ford sighs and weeps when thinking on
His fool Peace Expedition,
For there is not the slightest doubt
E'en as an "ad." it's fizzled out.

The call for Fisher grows more loud.
And just three War Lords—not a crowd:
Who votes for Kitchener and Jack,
With Britain's Monarch at their back?

Between "Too late" and "Wait and see"
The Premier wobbles fatally;
In matters vital to the State
They do *not* serve who stand and wait.

A BACKWOODS EPISODE.

PANEL PATIENT'S PAINFUL PREDICAMENT.

A travelling entertainer was recently "showing" at the village of Knighton, Market Drayton. During his stay at that place his child, a fifteen months' old baby, who had suffered from swollen glands, was taken seriously ill, being attended for a time by a Knighton doctor. Before long, however, this gentleman was called away to the Front, and the child being still in a critical condition the father telegraphed to Madely, requisitioning the services of another medical man. In reply he received a wire from the Madely practitioner, "Am not attending patients at Knighton," and a few hours later the baby died without medical attention. Meanwhile, the doctor's telegram was followed up by a letter offering the following explanation :—

> I told Dr. Brown before he went that I could not undertake to go to Knighton, and I have refused to accept any Insurance patients there. : . . Nevertheless, had you sent a messenger to me at midnight, I should have gone, had your case been put properly before me. If you imagine that doctors are going to rush about to any stranger who may send a telegram, you are sadly mistaken, at least as far as I am concerned.

We are inclined to agree that a telegram was not perhaps the best mode of approach. On the other hand, from the use of this method of communication by a man in our correspondent's position of life, urgency might reasonably have been inferred. But the doctor might have infused a little more sympathy into his letter to the bereaved father.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

1915.

The Old Year, pacing slowly to the West,
Toward the sunken sun's reflected rays,
Measures the tiny distance that remains
Before the final passing of his days.

He looks behind, to see the world he leaves
In battle still, all sulphurous and red,
A world in agony, a world that grieves
The flowers of manhood stricken down and dead.

The Old Year marks twelve tardy months as lost,
Laden with error, charged with heavy death,
And, daring not to pause to count the cost,
Welcometh midnight—when he vanisheth!

1916.

The New Year, waking to a lusty birth,
Sees Free Man wrestling with a creature base,
Fighting that this shall be a cleaner earth,
Determination graven on his face.

The unclean monster fain would elevate,
For the world's worship, Wrong in place of Right,
That his voice should be hailed the voice of Fate,
His lust be law, his darkness be the light.

The New Year, smiling with the break of day,
Kindles fresh fire within the Free Man's breast,
Bids him press on, undaunted, in the fray,
For this New Year brings Victory to his crest!

RICHARD MORTON.

Beg'n 1916 well. **See page ii of cover.**

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

SIR,—On behalf of a disappointed nation I warn you that responsible Ministers will be held strictly accountable for the lamentable failure of the Dardanelles expedition. It is undeniable that, as you say, the exploits of the Army and Navy in this sphere of operations will fill "an enduring place in the annals of warfare," but it is none the less true that the misdirection of their heroic efforts will hold an abiding place in the annals of British misgovernment. This is not a matter of which I can speak in terms of conventional courtesy. The initiation of these ill-fated operations was a blunder worse than a crime, and for its wanton perpetration full reckoning shall yet be made. You must let us know who really *was* responsible. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P.

DEAR SHELL LORD,—I am inclined to rank candour high among the political virtues, but I do wish you would strike a less pessimistic note. For many of your qualities I have a genuine respect, but I cannot forget that almost every time you have set yourself up as a military prophet you have been hopelessly wrong, and am therefore inclined rather to discount your gloomy prognostications. In your last speech you seem to have been in the depths of the doldrums, but I am hoping you may manage to start the New Year with a smile. If not, you will certainly be "encouraging the enemy"—and what will Saint Simon say? JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-General Sir William Robertson, K.C.V.O., Chief of the Imperial Staff.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I am glad to know that there is now something like a working General Staff at the War Office, and the news that you have been appointed to the chief place in its counsels will inspire confidence and hope in all ranks of the Army. In these democratic days the fact that you have risen from the ranks is in itself no drawback, while in the present war you have gained invaluable experience as Chief of Staff at Headquarters in France. In Whitehall you will find still wider scope for your high military talents, and I hail your appointment as an omen of good fortune.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P., President of the Board of Trade.

DEAR "BOARD,"—I am rather tired of talking to you, and only a strong sense of urgency impels me to disturb your slumbers. You may have noticed that quite recently there was a railway collision on the North Eastern Line, seventeen persons being killed—most of them burned to death. Few fatalities would have been recorded but for the explosion of gas cylinders retained upon the trains in flat defiance of the reported recommendations of your expert Inspectors. My present purpose is merely to inquire how long the dividends of railway shareholders are to rank more highly in your "Board's" estimation than the lives and limbs of passengers? Forgive my bluntness. JOHN BULL

To Major the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P.

DEAR WINSTON,—In spite of rumour, I cannot yet give you a more exalted military title, nor do I assume that you are anxious for immediate promotion to a high command. On the contrary, you appear with proverbial wisdom to be learning to obey, following the ordinary routine of the company officer and sharing to the full the perils of the trenches. Twice I have seen reports of the explosion of shells almost at your feet—your orderly upon one occasion being killed outright. In short, you are playing a soldier's part, and whatever the future may hold you have already won the warm respect of your countrymen. May all good luck attend you. Your time will yet come.

JOHN BULL.

To General Bramwell Booth, Salvation Army, Queen Victoria Street.

GENERAL,—It is rather characteristic of the Salvation Army that the only suggestion you have to offer as to what shall be done with the widows and orphaned children of men who do not return from the war is that they shall be emigrated when the conflict is over. I venture to think that they will not thank you for your interest. My hope is that Great Britain will do its duty by these bereft ones in the land in which they have lived all their lives. I know enough of the emigration bureau of the Salvation Army to know that not the least of the considerations which guides its policy is its financial interest. Emigration is banishment, sir; and I am persuaded no Government in this country will willingly assist in the banishment from their native land, for the benefit of the Salvation Army, of British women and children whose nearest and dearest have died that Britain may live. JOHN BULL.

To the Chief Constable of Bristol.

YOUR HIGHNESS,—It seems that you have been a good deal troubled in Bristol lately by flashlight signalling from various private houses. It is said that the authors of the signals are not German agents, as might be supposed, but English servant girls who, attracted by the cheapness of electric torches and fascinated by this method of communicating with each other, have adopted the form of recreation. I sincerely hope this is a true explanation of the matter, but, between you and me and the naughty servant girls, I am bound to say that it strikes me as being a trifle thin. Are you sure you haven't been "sold a pup"?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, S.W.

DEAR DODDERER,—So you are at it again, and this time it is the Sunday variety shows which have turned your poor old head. Because here and there permission has been given for charity performances to take place on the first day of the week, you talk all manner of nonsense about the Fourth Commandment, which, as far as I remember, enjoined us to "keep holy" the seventh day. I am no theologian, but my reading of the New Testament fails to convince me that Sabbatarianism had any place in the Gospel of the Nazarene. Indeed, I recall no reference to the matter, beyond the eminently sensible pronouncement that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath"—and this spoken in scorn of the Pharisees, of whom you seem to be the lineal descendant. JOHN BULL.

To the Lord High Admiral of the Germhun Fleet, Kiel.

WILY WARRIOR,—Acting for the moment on behalf of my illustrious friend Sir John Jellicoe, Commander of the British Grand Fleet, I take this early opportunity of saying that he is sorry he had not an opportunity of meeting you to render the amenities of the occasion when, according to the Germhun Admiralty statement, a portion of the Germhun fleet "last week searched the North Sea for the enemy," and "during the whole time British naval forces were nowhere sighted." Sir John Jellicoe, however, wishes you to accept his assurance that he is not conscious of any lack of courtesy in the matter. If you had written him even a line saying you intended to call, it would have afforded him the greatest pleasure to meet you. JOHN BULL.

To General Christian De Wet, Treason Farm, Free State, British South Africa.

SIR,—I hope that you and the 118 prisoners recently engaged in rebellion in South Africa, convicted of treason, mercifully saved from being dangled from the end of a rope, and sentenced to various terms of servitude, are grateful for your release from captivity. Have you ever thought where you would have been now if you had sworn allegiance to the Kaiser and had rebelled against Germhun authority in a Germhun colony? Never mind; this is a sort of festive season and I won't ask you to think; you might hurt your feelings, to say nothing of disturbing your digestion. JOHN BULL.

Mr. Bottomley delivers his message in "Everywoman's Weekly."

NEARING THE END.

"We're both alike on our last legs,
Our days have reached their final stages.

There's not a shadow of a doubt
Our wealth are swiftly running out!"

DAMNING DECLARATIONS.

TRAGIC FATE OF THE MENTALLY UNFIT.

In our issue of November 27th, under the heading "The Martyrdom of a Child," we dealt at some length with the case of John Young, a five-year-old Rutherglen boy, who for some months had been an inmate of the Baldovan Institution for the Feeble-Minded at Dundee. We adduced strong medical evidence for the statement that, as a result of his enforced residence at Baldovan, the child had completely broken down in health, his wasted body being covered with sores and bruises. Upon the facts as presented to us, we demanded an official inquiry into the management of the institution, and this week we are able to enforce this appeal by further evidence of a startling nature. Meanwhile, we are glad to state that the matter is engaging the attention of the Scottish National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, within whose special province it naturally falls.

"Not Looking So Well."

And now for the further facts. Like little John Young, of Rutherglen, Edward R. Deans, of Turriff, Aberdeenshire, a boy of ten, was "certified" under the Mental Deficiency Act, and admitted on August 27th last to the Baldovan Institution. Before his removal to Dundee the boy was in good physical health, and in the early reports from the Matron there was nothing to excite the anxiety of the parents. Even as late as the end of October it was merely suggested that "Teddy" was "not looking so well," the official letters containing no hint of the appalling condition to which the child had, in fact, been reduced. As in the case of the Rutherglen boy, we rely at this point, not upon hearsay, but upon the deliberate judgment of a qualified medical man. Early in November, the following certificate was signed by a Turriff doctor:—

> I hereby certify that I examined Edward R. Deans, aged 10 years, on 6th November, 1915. I found him in a very weak and nervous condition. He was also suffering from septic diarrhœa, and scabies on the arms, chest and head. Fred G. Stuart, M.B., Ch.B.

The case was on all fours with that of John Young. With some difficulty, the parents obtained an order for the boy's release from Baldovan, and we are happy to state that after a month at home he seems in a fair way of recovering his former health. If this case stood alone, our demand for an official inquiry would be amply justified.

A Death.

There is worse to relate. In the first place, we have a statement signed by fourteen responsible residents of Swinton, near Baillieston, to the effect that before her removal to the Baldovan Institution, Agnes Weir Robertson, a girl of 12, was "a strong, healthy, active child." This evidence is confirmed by the following statement signed by a Shettleston doctor:—

> I certify that I attended Agnes Weir Robertson at intervals during the past four years, and while her mental state was quite hopeless, her physical condition was generally good, and her body well-nourished; and that she was capable of great exertion, but always required supervision. N. Davieson, M.B., C.M.

This was before Baldovan. To-day, the child is dead. This tragic fact may well form the starting point of the inquiry which once again we emphatically demand. In June last, when she was removed to Dundee, Agnes Robertson was in the best of health. By the beginning of August she had grown painfully thin, and her body infested with sores. In the first days of October, fatal illness supervened. As we go to press, we are investigating a fourth case of a similar nature, the facts of which we hope shortly to publish. Having once taken the matter up, we intend to elicit the whole truth.

Meantime, if—as we have been assured by the father of one of the children—there is no resident Medical Officer at the institution, one should be appointed without a moment's avoidable delay. Youngsters in the mental state of the inmates of Baldovan obviously require constant medical care, under the supervision of a doctor whose instant attendance can be relied upon. We think it would be difficult to find in England a similar institution not in charge of a medical man living on the premises.

A MIXED BREW.

THE BUFFETS OF THE LAW.

In December, 1914, a fourteen-year-old boy, Fred Wilson by name, had the misfortune to fall down an open cellar-way outside the White Horse Hotel, Sunbury-on-Thames, sustaining injuries which seemed to establish a claim for compensation. The tenant of the hotel was one Fidelis Burgmaier, an enemy alien, and at the Chertsey County Court the injured boy, suing by his father as "next friend," brought an action for damages against Burgmaier and against Hodgson's Kingston Brewery Company, the freeholders of the White Horse Hotel. In these proceedings fortune favoured the lad, the jury awarding him £30 damages with costs against both defendants, a decision which seemed to meet the equity of the situation. The Brewery Company, however, had protected themselves by insurance, and the judgment of the County Court, as far as it affected the brewers, was ultimately carried to the Divisional Court by way of appeal, doubtless at the instance of the Insurance Company. At this point, the plaintiff's good luck deserted him. Upon legal grounds the decision of the County Court was reversed, the brewers being freed from liability, and the costs of the appeal adjudged in their favour. The view of the Divisional Court seems to have been that the tenant, Burgmaier, was alone answerable to the plaintiff for the injuries he had sustained, but, unfortunately for the boy's prospects, this gentleman had in the meantime been interned, having taken the preliminary precaution of closing his banking account and selling off his effects. In these circumstances, the judgment against him falls to the ground, while the unhappy plaintiff is saddled with the entire costs of the appeal. Upon the whole, the case seems to be one in which Messrs. Hodgson's, Limited, should practise not merely forbearance but active generosity, and we trust they may lend a willing ear to the representations in this sense which have already been made to them. It will be hard if the boy Wilson is made to bear the whole brunt of the misfortune which found a German tenant at the White Horse Hotel four months after the outbreak of war.

PHILANDERING PHIL.

THE WILES OF A "LOW" COMEDIAN.

The following announcement recently found a place in the advertisement column of a theatrical newspaper:—

> Wanted re-engagement by refined young lady, aged 20. Panto or Revue chorus. Experienced, references.

The young lady had not long to wait for an offer from Mr. Phil-Dale, a comedian then playing at the Princess Theatre, Blackburn. It chanced that Mr. Dale was just thinking of "joining panto," and anxious, as he explained, to meet "a young lady partner for Double Acts and Sketches," he invited the advertiser to send him her photograph, with fuller particulars of her requirements. Encouraged by the practical tone of this communication, the young lady replied, stating her terms and proposing an interview for the discussion of details. A photograph was enclosed, but there was nothing in the letter which, to the most disorderly imagination, could represent the matter otherwise than as a purely business proposition. Mr. Phil-Dale, however, is evidently a practised hand at affairs of this kind, and in his next letter he let himself go. He wrote:—

> Now, dear girl, I want you to pardon my boldness if I ask you to come over here to Sheffield as my wife, and to stay with me if you can until we go into panto together. There is so much I want to talk to you about and arrange. You shall come to no harm by me. I will look after you and care for you. . . . I enclose 2s. to cover your fare. If on sight you do not care for me and would rather return, there would be no harm done in calling you my wife for just an afternoon.

We have no hesitation in saying that a letter of this sort to a girl whom the writer had never seen and had no reason to suspect of susceptibility to such advances, was not merely an insult but an indecent outrage. Meanwhile, other young ladies desiring theatrical engagements should be on their guard against lonely comedians wanting wives "for an afternoon."

"Bullets" gives most and biggest prizes.

"SAINT PHEASANT."

GLAMORGAN MAN GAOLED FOR A BIRD.

We had imagined that in these broader times, the pheasant, though still precious, had lost its halo, and that an offence against the sainted bird was no longer a sacrilege deserving tremendous punishment. But the old tradition lingers in the lovely Vale of Glamorgan, and a couple of Magistrates have been found at Llandaff to act as high priests of St. Pheasant, and to apply their own prized Game Laws with all the merciless rigour of men deep bigoted in their superstition. At the Police Court, the Magistrates, Mr. J. F. Turner and Mr. W. N. Lewis—names to be noted in Wales—had before them John Watts, aged 49, a farmer, of Dodridge, Pendoylan, "charged with night poaching at Brynhelgyn Farm, Pendoylan, owned by Mr. Launcelot Aubrey Fletcher." According to the evidence of a stalwart young game-keeper, he saw Watts in a field at 5.30 p.m. He pointed a gun upwards, towards a tree, fired, and a bird fell. Witness followed Watts, closed with him, pinned him against the bank, and handcuffed him. A cock pheasant was found in his pocket. The defendant went into the witness-box, and said he had been working at his nephew's farm, leaving about 4.30 p.m. He took with him, as he was going from the neighbourhood, a gun which he had left at the farm when he last worked there, about four years ago, and he borrowed some cartridges. He thought of shooting a duck by the river. He passed several pheasants, but, "in the Insoles Road this one crowed, and he shot it." Straightway the two game-worshippers on the bench proceeded to pass sentence, and they made no bones about it. Defendant was sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labour, and further bound over in one surety of £10 and two of £5 for twelve months, with an alternative of a further three months' imprisonment.

It is an amazing pronouncement, a misuse of the law and a parody of "justice" which must not be permitted to stand. Watts is no poacher. He has never been in trouble before. His unfamiliarity with the proceedings was such that he was unable to do himself justice. He did not think it worth while to trouble his family by letting them know he was locked up, and when they heard of the matter he was gone to prison. He is a farmer, belonging to one of the oldest and most respected families in the Vale of Glamorgan, and Duffryn Bach Farm has been theirs for a century, held by five generations. That a man with such a character among the men who know him best, should languish in goal for a month because he shot a bird that was not his—a bird that may have been gorged with feeding on his brother's crops—that this "first offender," instead of being fined, should be sentenced to hard labour, and to find sureties for his good behaviour for twelve months—a man whose behaviour has been perfect for 49 years!—is an outrage on individual liberty and an insult to the conscience of the community. Men on the Bench who are game preservers, or who are creatures toadying to that class of landlord, must be taught that the pheasant, feeding in the farmer's field so that it may ultimately be shot by "sportsmen" trespassing on the farmer's land, is no longer a sacred bird, and that the liberty of a man is not to be imperilled for the sake of a few feathers. John Watts shall come out of goal, and the Home Secretary must rap the knuckles of the idolators at the attainted shrine of St. Pheasant.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for December 25th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 076,032, and A215,116. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

The copy of JOHN BULL dated December 11th, 1915, bearing on its cover the number 073,624, in respect of which a reward of £5 was offered, has been forwarded by Mr. Hugh Walker, 11, Gladstone Place, Leith, to whom a cheque has accordingly been sent.

THE BAN UPON THE HUT.

OLD LADY NEWSVENDOR AND HER BLIND SON.

Away down by Acton Vale, for about two years and a half, an old lady has maintained a little newspaper stand and attended to her tiny business, facing all weathers, wind, rain and frost included. Her pitch is rather an exposed one, just at the beginning of a footbridge that leads from the Bedford Park district to Acton. Now there are some workmen, engaged on the staff of a neighbouring factory, who have noted the struggles of the old woman to support a blind son. They hit upon a little scheme to ameliorate the hard conditions of her life and to provide her with some shelter against the inclement weather, subscribing for the purpose of building her a strong, portable hut.

It only remained to obtain the consent of the parties connected with the soil, so that the hut might stand as a portable removable structure on the spot where the woman had made her pitch. No objection was expected for a moment, because there could be no possible obstruction. Provided the landlady would agree, the tenant outside whose house it would stand was willing. The police were seen, and they were prepared to accord the old lady every protection. Then the landlady was approached, and there was a hitch. She did consent to bear in mind that it was an old woman and a blind son who pleaded to her that she would do them no harm, and she promised to reconsider the matter in conference with her brother, and to communicate the decision.

The decision duly arrived. It was a cruel one. "Dear Sir," wrote "F. J. Waite, for Mrs. C. J. Waite"—"Such a structure as you propose could not be permitted on or near the property in question, and at the same time I might tell you that the nuisance of selling papers as at present carried on will have to be entirely removed. Steps will be taken for that purpose, as our tenants have at various times been much annoyed by the boys doing their business in the front doorways in bad weather. Why not do the business on the other side of the bridge, where no trade could be lost, and no one annoyed?"

Now, we put it that the old newsvendor "annoys" nobody. On the contrary, she is greatly respected. What, therefore, can we say of this Mr. Waite—"for Mrs. Waite"—who sits down and pens such a cold-blooded, threatening message at Christmas time? Not only shall the old dame get no shelter, it is decreed, but she shall lose her business. "Comfort for her?" cries Mr. Waite, Scrooge-like; "certainly not. Shelter, indeed! Why, I'll have her removed altogether!" Perhaps he will relent. Perhaps the heart of Mrs. Waite will melt. Surely she will not speak that final, bitter "No" to the plea of the aged and the blind!

PRINTERS' PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"FIFE FREE PRESS" (advertisement):—
"75 BOYS AND YOUTHS AT CHRISTMAS PRICES."

MR. F. JACKSON (according to "Rotherham Advertiser's" report of speech delivered at a sale of work):—
"They were GREATLY INDEBTED to outside friends for their ABSENCE."

"EMPRESS WEEKLY NEWS" (advertisement):—
"'The Eternal City.' . . . THREE HEMISPHERES were visited to take this film."

"DAILY MAIL" (December 14th):—
"There will be no Henley Regatta THIS YEAR."

"WEEKLY SCOTSMAN":—
"He was also a first-class judge of horses, and he secured a good number of prizes WHEN HE EXHIBITED HIMSELF."

"DAILY CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—
"Man wanted to DRIVE A LIGHT BOTTLE round with milk. Apply——"

"ANSWERS' LIBRARY":—
"She stopped at a post-office and sent off a telegram. . . It contained the ONE WORD 'Thank you!' and her name."

New Year resolution: "I will Insure." **See page ii of cover.**

BUCCANEERING BLUFF.

LIMITED LIABILITY AND LIMITLESS LOOT.

Candour is the distinctive note of a circular lately issued by "The Allied Services Supply Association, Limited," with an address at 10, Essex Street, London, W.C., a concern described as a "private company" formed for the avowed purpose of "participating in the large profits now being made in connection with War Contracts for the Allied Forces." The promoters, who are "practical business men," propose to deal not only in "Clothing, Food and Munitions," but in "all Camp and other Requisites for an Army, its Commissariat, Fighting Power and Hospital Service." Briefly and bluntly, the scheme is one for fleecing the Allied Governments, and a few extracts from the "particulars" may be of interest to the general tax-payer:—

> The following examples of business carried through with some of the Allied Governments during the last few months (and by some of those connected with the registration of the Association) afford the best evidence of the wonderful profits being made in connection with this business, viz.:—A parcel of Boots for a Foreign Allied Government gave a net profit of over £5,000. A lot of Swords sold to another Allied Government gave a profit of £3,030, and a quantity of Blankets sold to another Allied Government gave a net profit of over £4,000, or over £12,000 in only three transactions.

It is apparently hoped to repeat these extortions upon an extended scale, and with this end in view, it is proposed to raise a capital of £10,000 "divided into 9,750 Preferred Shares of £1 each and 5,000 Deferred Ordinary Shares of 1s. each." Dividends are to be paid quarterly, and the attention of investors is specially drawn to the fact that "no Founders' or Bonus Shares are being allotted," the promoters, doubtless, being in the business chiefly for the benefit of their health. Meanwhile, to the vision of the thrifty prospects of limitless profit are unfolded:—

> The field open for such a business is admittedly a very large one, and the Directors, being in direct touch with the principal Manufacturers and Producers, are not only able to secure all classes of goods, such as it is proposed to deal in, first hand—thus saving all middle-man's profits—but, being already in close association with several of the Allied Governments, feel that success is assured, and therefore have the utmost confidence in recommending an Investment in the Shares of the Association.

With interest thus aroused, we have ventured upon a little independent investigation, but a reference to the Companies file at Somerset House discloses not the remotest reference to the Allied Services Supply Association, the Directors having apparently taken the risky course of circulating their prospectus under the guise of "Particulars" without first complying with the requirements of the Companies Act. Meanwhile, a visit to the "Registered Office" of the Association at 10, Essex Street, W.C., has been equally disappointing. There is no indication that the Allied Services Supply Association, Limited, have ever carried on business at this address, nor were we able to glean any useful information in regard to its promoters, beyond the hint that their letters were delivered at the office of Messrs. Cox and Co., to whose principal we had something to say when formerly he carried on business as an accountant in Bedford Row, W.C. On the whole, it looks as though any greedy investor, tempted to entrust capital to the Association, would be extremely likely to get all the trouble he deserved. By the way, we notice that the Directors of the Association are Mr. J. W. Blackburn Balfour, of 129, Warwick Street, Belgravia, S.W., Mr. R. Thomson, 101 and 102, Hatton Garden, E.C., and a Captain Mackie, of 8, Cornwall Road, Holland Park, W., to whom any further inquiries should be addressed. Anyone communicating with them would do well to ask why they are willing to hand over this "Tom Tiddler's ground" to outsiders—for nothing! £9,750 of the capital is offered to the public in preference shares, which are to have "the whole of the profits until they have received 100 per cent. in dividends," and thereafter a third of anything over. Even the £250 in deferred shares is not to go to the promoters as purchase consideration, but is to be "issued for cash to the officers and staff of the Association." Philanthropy, indeed!

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD EMMOTT.

Shave? Yes-sir. . . . Like the side w'iskers orf too, sir? . . . *No?* Very good, sir. . . . Orl right, sir, orl right! There wos no offence meant. You sed "A shave," so I thort p'raps you wanted a proper, *clean* shave—bar yore merstarsh. Mutton chops is a little out o' date, sir! . . *Not hinterested in the 'ist'ry of w'iskers?*" P'raps not, sir. But if you wos a h'airdresser you might 'ave a leanin' in thet direction. It's a bigger subjick then you'd believe, sir. I firmly believe face 'air 'as 'ad an important bearin' on the 'ist'ry of nations in the parst as well as in the present. Look at the Kayser's merstarsh. I believe that *h*aggressive merstarsh of 'is 'as 'ad a great deal ter do with mouldin' 'is character. As soon as ever 'e started turnin' the ends up, 'is number went up, too. Gittin' up every mornin' an' lookin' at 'is merstarsh in the lookin' glarss 'as made 'im wot 'e is. Seein' 'imself sich a ferocious-lookin' bloke 'as made 'im one. 'E 'ad to live up to 'is looks. Face-'air 'as thet effect, sir, in my opinyun. Fer instance, the man wot wears side w'iskers is nearly orlways sorft somew'ere in the roof. Nothink personal, o' course, sir. . . . "Present comp'ny," you know, sir. . . . I wos reminded o' thet the other day w'en a friend o' mine called my attention to a speech by Lord Emmott in the 'Ouse of Lords, erbout this 'ere Danish Agreement wot's excited so much *h*agitation. It wos a silly speech, I thort, an' I sed so. "Wot else do you expeck from a man wot wears sideboards?" awsked my friend. . . *Wot did I take herception to in Lord Emmott's speech?* Well, I wos perticklerly disgusted w'ere 'e sed 'e could see no inconsistency in the Guv'ment erlowin' beer to go into Germany in unlimited quantities, an' cuttin' orf the supplies 'ere. 'E sed: "They merely prevented the English workman from drinkin' too much drink at this national crisis an' showed indiff'rence as to w'ether the Germans drank too much beer or not." Now, orl thet's simply stoopid nonsense, to my way o' thinkin'. I know suthink erbout Germans, bein' a barber, an' I say you couldn't discourage the 'Un workman quicker then by cuttin' orf 'is beer. The British workin' man likes 'is glarss, an' it gits 'is rag out if 'e carn't 'ave it at reasonable times. But the 'Uns simply live for beer. For them the most 'eavenly spot on earth is a biergarten, as they calls it. In short, the 'Un *must* 'ave 'is beer. It's wot the lawyers call a *sign o' quinine* for 'im. Very well, then. If we wos to stop beer goin' into Germany, wot would 'appen? *H*unrest, dissatisfaction, an' such an 'ell of a thirst in Germany thet the production of munitions o' wore would natchrelly be *h*impeded. Well, wouldn't *thet* be to the advantage of the *H*allies? I reckon it would. But Mr. Lord Emmott, 'im with the side w'iskers, seems ter think it don't matter 'ow much beer the Germans git so long as we don't git none. 'E fergits beer is vittles an' drink t the 'Uns. Stop their beer an' they'll soon begin to squeal. Same with tea. Durin' the same debate Lord Crewe sed 'e wouldn't mind if the 'ole German nashun stupefied itself with tea, w'ich we allow to parss through. Thet's orl very well. I know tea's a bad thing to drink, compared with good, nourishin' beer, but it would increase German *h*unrest if the *'ouse frows*, as they call their wimmin, couldn't git it, and consequently would 'elp to shorten the wore. . . . Pay, in the shop, sir, please. . . . Good day, sir. . . . *Did I know thet wos Lord Emmott?* Now, 'ow the 'ell wos I ter know *thet?*

W. LOTINGA.

£50 REWARD.

The above sum will be paid to any person (or persons) giving information which shall lead to the identification of the printers of a circular letter dated November 17th, 1915, said to be a copy of a communication addressed to "Mrs. D. G. S——, Southampton," by the Turf Tipster, W. Lotinga. Apply to Manager of this journal.

January 1st, 1916: Resolved that I get a "John Bull" Pen.

CHAIRMAN Juniors

10 for 3D.

EVERYWHERE

CHAIRMAN JUNIORS ARE CHAIRMAN BUT SMALLER.

If you're a gentle sportsman of the Izaak Wal'on sort,
Don't forget the little packet that's conducive to good sport—

CHAIRMAN JUNIORS.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind: but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

During the last few days we have again supplied money for the burial of soldiers' wives and dependents. This makes rather a drain on our little fund, but as the mammoth concerns, with millions subscribed by the generous public for war relief, will not come to the rescue, we feel it our duty to do so.

A mother gave to the Service two sons who were her only support while in civil life. One has been badly wounded, the other is a prisoner in the hands of the Germans. The mother was in dire distress until we looked after her.

A London widow has four sons—three married and one single—with the colours. When at home they supported her in comfort, but now she has only an allotment of 3s. 6d. a week from the single boy, and it will readily be believed that this sum will not keep the home going. We ensured that she should have as pleasant a Christmas as was possible in the circumstances.

We regret to note that Welsh support for our fund is practically negligible, yet the applications from the Principality are numerous and are seldom refused. An appeal, among others, was successfully made to us from a woman with five children, whose husband was killed last year in the retreat from Mons. She was granted a pension which is absurdly inadequate to keep her family, and she approached us in the hope that we would provide a Christmas dinner for her. We did so, and sent something further.

A man allowed home on sick furlough—among many of his kind—was refused money by his Paymaster, although considerably in credit with his regiment. An Army Order lays down that such men must have their money; but, like so many other official mandates and promises, it seems to have been made only to be broken. In this case, the drain on the slender separation allowance was so great that the family were practically starving, so we did what the Army authorities who hold the man's money refused to do. The explanation of the Pay Office in this particular case is the customary one—that the accounts are in a muddle, owing to an inadequate staff.

A soldier's wife, whose husband is at the Dardanelles found it very difficult to make ends meet and to provide boots and clothing for her children. In addition, the Tommy wrote asking her for some tobacco, which she could not afford to send. We gladly found what was necessary.

The 16-months-old baby boy of a soldier died, and, as so often happens, the mother found it impossible to pay the expenses of the funeral. She applied to us successfully.

The other day we received a letter from a man in the stokehold of a battleship, making an earnest appeal to us on behalf of his wife. Her uninsured child had died, and she was ill herself. We visited the case, and gave what help was necessary.

A fine young soldier at the Front received a communication informing him that his father was dying. Being under a considerate Colonel, he got immediate leave to come home. On arrival he found that his family was also in financial distress, which he was unable to relieve, as he had only a few francs brought from France. Remembering JOHN BULL, the lad visited us, and we assisted.

The widow of a man who was killed at the Dardanelles unfolded her sorrows to us. She was left with four children, one of whom died last week, and in addition there was illness in the home. Her Christmas outlook was gloomy in the extreme, but we brought the necessary ray of sunshine.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

F. S. T. (Leicester), 10s.; H. F., 2s.; C. S. H. S., 1s.; M. K. P., 6d.; G. F., 3s.; E. E. D., 1s.; M. C., 1s.; D. T., 6d.; C. S., 10s.; G. C., 10s.; C. S. (Derby), 2s. 6d.; E. F. (Brighton), 2s. 6d.; L. R., 3s.; "A Few Coopers and Machinists" (Woolwich Arsenal), 4s. 3d.; A. K., 4s.; C. H. L., 4s.; R. McN., £1; W. G. M., 2s. 6d.; J. C. M., 1s.; "The Customers at 'The Albert' Crewe" (per J. P.), 5s. 6d.; Mrs. C. M. (Gateshead), £1 1s.; W. W. and A. W., 5s.; H. M. T., *Andania*, 2s. 6d.; "Crew of s.s. *Norah Elsmie*" (per J. H. G.), £1 10s.; "Workmates," 2s. 6d.; T. R. B., £1 1s.; West Green Mutual Loan and Thrift Society (collection), £1 7s.; B. H. S., 5s.; M. L., 13s. 8d.; A. E. T., 1s. 6d.; Gunner F. E. B., 6d.; R. B., 6d.; "Won Turkey," 1s.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; R. S. G., £1; "Cis" (Pickering), 2s. 6d.; "Sambo," £5; "Clamerkin," £5; Anon., 6d.; C. F. (Liverpool), £1.; A. W. M., 1s.; D. P. (New York), 5s.; Miss H. O., 2s. 6d.; B. and Q. (E. Dulwich), 1s.; T. G., 1s.; "Captain, Officers, Engineer and Crew of s.s. *Ashtree*," (second contribution), £3 5s.; H. S. W., 10s.; "Collection, Amazon Telegraph Co.'s Counter, Manaos," £1 10s.; G. O. S., 3s.; "Jack Fot," (Wynberg), £5 10s.; Miss C. F., 5s.; "Dundonald," 10s.; Mrs. M., 2s. 6d.; K. F., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Anon., 11d.; "Nix," £5; Pte. S. F., 2s. 5d.; Lieut. H. M. R., 1s. 10d.; M. S., 2s.; D. McK., 2d.; "F. and K. S. (A Thankoffering)," £1; W. H. C., 1s.; A. C. B., 1s.; J. P., 1s.; A. C., 1s.; Mrs. C., 2s. 8d.; A. J. T., 6d.; L. M. R. T., 4d.; "A Canadian Soldier," 4s.; "Engineers of the s.s. *Clivegrove*" (per T. J. H.), £2; "Five Readers of JOHN BULL at Plowden," 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; E. S. (Millwall), 10s.; "Somewhere in France," 10s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.

Mr. Frank Dawson, the winner of the First Prize in our 165th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

OUR CHRISTMAS POOR FUND.

As in previous years, we have again been indebted to a large number of willing helpers in the distribution of the food, clothing, coals, toys, etc., provided by this Fund. The whole of the money subscribed was utilised in the issue of orders upon local tradesmen, so that the recipients were enabled to make their own purchases and take them home. As in all previous cases, the Fund was administered without any deduction whatever for expenses.

CHRISTMAS FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mrs. H., 1s.; "Jim, Ken and Sis," 5s.; "Inasmuch," 2s.; T. H. J., 5s.; O.R.H.M., 1s.; "Hilda, Arthur and Audrey," 1s. 6d.; W. H. C., 2s. 6d.; "A Well-wisher," 2s. 6d.; R. E. (South Molton), 5s.; R. H., 2s.; Anon., 6d.; J. S., 1s.; Mrs. J. W., 1s.; M. S., 2s.; J. M. B., 5s.; C. A. T., 2s.; M. V., 5s.; "Charlie and Lottie," 5s.; A. N., 5s.; H. R., 1s.; N. S., 2s.; "A Wicked Gambler" (York), £5; "Dundonald," 10s.; R. S. G., £1; J. C. M., 2s. 6d.; N. L. S., 5s.; Mrs. E. T., 5s.; "Rae," 10s.; R. P. (B'ham), 10s.; "Baby Joyce," 2s. 6d.; "Collected on board H.M.S. *Acacia*" (per H. B.), 50s.; "Kind Thoughts," 2s.; H. and M. M. (C), 2s. 6d.; S. J. G., 2s.; R. N. R., 5s.; F. L. G., 5s.; W. G. M., 2s. 6d.; D. McK., 1s. 7½d.; Mrs. I. H., 5s.; D. A. B., 5s.; E. P., 3s.; Mrs. M. H., 5s.; "A Chronic Reader," 2s.; D. B., 4s.; "Maxwell," 10s. 6d.; "Blue and White Gage," £1; A. E. D., 2s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 2s. 6d.; "Little Philper," 3s. 6d.; M. D., 2s. 6d.; "Delighted" (Devonport), 5s.; E. C. (Meltham), 5s.; V. C., 1s.; "Two Little Girlies," 5s.; "Hounslow," 1s.; "A Sailor's Wife," 1s.; "Constant Reader," 3s.; Mrs. S., 2s

Have you tried "Golden Links" in "Everywoman's Weekly."

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The wrist watch, while easily "get-at-able," always handy, never in the way, and, therefore, the most suitable for Naval and Military Men, is easily broken by these men of strenuous action.

Now here's a little case that will fit *any* wrist watch converting it into a miniature Hunter thus making it break-proof yet easy to "get-at."

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Gives absolute protection to any Wrist Watch.

Well made in various styles and sizes to fit any wrist watch. Opens with a single movement—automatically closes when released—unobtrusive, and light in weight. Enables the watch to be worn even when the glass is broken.

SEND ONE TO YOUR FRIEND AT THE FRONT.

Nickel or Khaki Finish - - - 1/6
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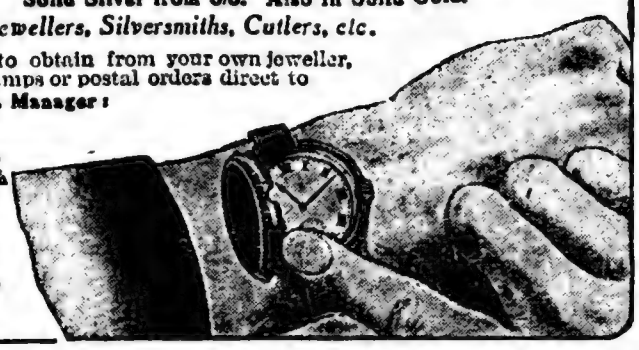

Become a GOOD PIANIST without constant practice.

No more weary grinding at 'scales' and 'exercises.

MY "From Brain to Keyboard" System has not only abolished all necessity for "Keyboard Drudgery," but has made it possible to achieve in a few months a mastery of the piano often unattainable even after years of laborious "practice." By my method all defects of technique are rapidly overcome, practically without keyboard "practice," without fatigue, monotony, or the use of any apparatus, or specially written score. Hence its popularity. Improvement starts with the very first lesson, and success is certain for every conscientious student. Instead of hours of arduous "practice," my system requires but a few minutes of your time twice daily. My system is taught by post, and whatever your age or proficiency, wherever you live, there is no quicker or more certain way to permanent mastery of the piano. Used and highly recommended by Sir Frederick Bridge and other leading musicians. If you decide to become a pupil, you will receive my personal attention, and my instruction will be adapted to your individual requirements, however much or however little you can play already.

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If you would become a GOOD Pianist send 1d. postage for my FREE BOOK,

"LIGHT ON PIANOFORTE PLAYING."

This book (not a tutor) fully explains my method. Also tell me whether you are an absolute beginner, or, if an average or advanced player, what are your difficulties. I will then explain exactly how my System will help you. Write to-day to—

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More than ever Economical with Leather Prices advancing.

See the Diamond Trade-Mark, as shown above, in purple every few inches on each sole; without it, the leather's a substitute.

The more leathers advance in price, the more Dri-ped saves you: for its double wear cuts boot bills in half, and Dri-ped's price has not increased as much as that of ordinary leather.

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Write now for interesting Booklet "How to Double Boot Life," sent free together with addresses of "Dri-ped" Dealers in your district. William Walker & Sons, Ltd., Dri-ped Advt. Dept., County Buildings, Cannon Street, Manchester.

DRI-PED

The SUPER-LEATHER for SOLES

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A Splendid Billiard Table in your Home at once, for a small first payment NOW.

WHEN Riley's decided to make this extraordinary Free Trial offer, they knew they ran no risk; for no one ever does send a Riley Billiard Table back—so greatly does it add pleasure to boresome winter evenings—so full is it of an unlimited power of profitably occupying the young folks' minds—and so excellently made to yield all the delights (even to an expert) of the full-sized Billiard Table.

If you send a P.O. now, to-night, for 8s. 6d. you get carriage paid to your door (no charge for packages) within a few days the wonderful Riley Miniature Table specified below (size 6 ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins., cash price, 5 gns.), and if after 7 days' trial you are not satisfied, pack it up, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed. Anyone may learn the real, live game of Billiards in no time on a Riley Billiard Table; lose no time in putting one in your home; watch how it fills in the hours from tea till bed-time, with an excitement at every moment, an interest to keep everyone enthralled from ten-year-old Tommy to Grandfather.

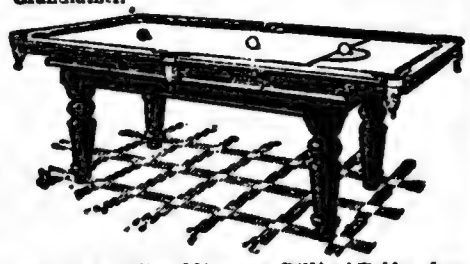
8/6 DOWN

brings to your home immediately

Riley's Miniature Billiard Table.

8s. 6d. down—and then whilst you have the Table, you pay the balance in 12 consecutive monthly payments of 8s. 6d.

Cash price 5 Guineas—a delightfully convenient size to fit over an ordinary table, and to fit any ordinary sized room. Measures 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. Complete with all accessories. Other sizes—prices in proportion.



This is the Riley Miniature Billiard Table, shown resting on Dining Table.

IN addition to the Miniature Billiard Tables, Riley's have another style—which may be paid for by equal monthly instalments over a period of 13 or 18 months—the

Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining-Table

—really a magnificent piece of furniture, which may be converted into a large-sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. This size also can be secured on easy payments spread over 13 months or 18 months. Cash prices from £13 10s.

FREE on receipt of postcard, full detailed Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and small or full-sized Tables and Sundries. Every Table is as perfect as modern science and high-class workmanship can make it.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Premier Works, Accrington.
London Showrooms. 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

A THOUGHTFUL GENERAL.

We recently made some comments concerning the defective huts at Shoreham. The General Commanding has now issued an order which shows that no blame should be attached to him for the deplorable state of affairs. It runs as follows:—

> In JOHN BULL of the 18th instant it is stated that the G.O.C. troops has taken no notice of the complaints made about the huts. As a matter of fact he has repeatedly, and without waiting for any complaint to be made, drawn attention to this matter from the time when he first came to Shoreham. He is forbidden to order improvements without permission, and the rope which JOHN BULL offers to provide should not, therefore, be placed round his neck. The G.O.C. has, however, informed superior authority of the paragraph in question, and he sincerely hopes that the complaints may very soon be remedied. This order is to be copied into all company order books and read out on parade.

It is gratifying to know that our strictures have thus been brought to the notice of the higher authorities, and we join the gallant General in hoping that matters will be rectified without delay. Quite recently we appealed on behalf of a regiment which was not being dealt with in accordance with Regulations as to allowances, and on the heels of our exposure came a communication from the General in Command of that district also. We were glad to learn officially within a few days that in that case our paragraph had the desired effect, and hope that we may be able to chronicle a similar happy result in the Shoreham instance. Meantime, we thank the General for his efforts on behalf of the men.

DECEIVED COLONIALS.

The Colonies have stood by us bravely; we never dreamt that the branch establishments of the old shop would fail. Australia, New Zealand, and Canada have, too, done very well by their men in the matter of pay and allowances. South Africa has always been loyal; the colony called for men to help us, and the would-be recruits were assured that they would be given the colonial rate of pay. They got this promise even from General Smuts. Now that the South African infantry are in England they find that, owing to a special Act not having been passed by the Union House, they cannot be given the enhanced rate. Their grievance is naturally not ameliorated by reading the report that General Smuts has bragged in South Africa that they are pleased to serve at a shilling a day—which is less than the British private receives. The South Africans cannot live on the amount. It is difficult to describe in restrained language the position of the married men, who have to allot sixpence a day to their wives. Many members of the force have called at our office. It is not surprising that some of them have been compelled to appeal for funds, and we have been pleased to relieve them in a monetary sense, but we have not been able to soothe their souls. They believe that they were "had" by the recruiting agents and the members of Parliament who made the big promises. They compare their shilling a day with the five shillings paid to the Canadians, and the six shillings given to the Australians. We commend the matter to Sir Louis Botha, who is a soldier himself.

TAPE AND COBWEB FINANCE.

We shall win the war—we *must* win it. But it certainly does not help towards the attainment of the "consummation devoutly to be wished" that the Financial Department should be in the state of chaos which is indicated by many of the cases brought to our notice. Men returned home from France with a few francs in their pocket are left to starve during their leave. Others in training at home are told that they are retained in the service pending discharge for medical unfitness, but the allowances to their wives and children are cut off from that moment. Other poor fellows are thrown into civil life in the King's uniform and without papers or money, and are prevented thereby from getting employment to keep their families. The whole system is rotten. It was rotten to begin with, and being rotten it has collapsed. We beg Lord Kitchener—despite his manifold cares—to find a few moments to consider the plight of the derelicts, who deserve so well of the nation.

KEEPING TOMMY ON THE RIGHT ROAD.

Here are some grouses from the 2-5 South Lancashires: Seven days' pay stopped for losing a cap badge value fourpence; 42 days' detention for smoking a cigarette and "answering" a non-commissioned officer; fourteen days' detention for an unclean rifle, though the man had not had a cleaning kit issued to him. As the sentences for very minor offences are on this scale, something with boiling oil in it must be on the menu for those guilty of really grave ones.

AN EVERGREEN GRIEVANCE.

Lord Kitchener, as we have often observed, is a strict disciplinarian, but underlying all that he has a heart as large as that of an ox. We respectfully suggest that the Field-Marshal should have a circular letter sent to all Commanding Officers asking them what leave they give to their men, and in cases where leave is refused, inquiring why that attitude is adopted. We want Tommy to have a square deal.

ACTIVE SERVICE ROT.

Our airmen in France complain that when they are aloft they often spot bodies of our men by their shining accoutrements. Of course the enemy's airmen, being keen-eyed, spot the same shining atrocities. It is time for somebody out there to issue an order to keep everything dull, and we should not have cases of men "crimed" and sentenced to pack drill because their rifle barrels are not bright outside after a wet week in the trenches. It is hardly the game to ask the men to parade like shining angels a few hours after they have removed from their muddy ditches to their billets, and to "crime" them for having an odd speck of dirt on their uniforms or accoutrements. We are glad to know that the officer to whom we referred as having issued a general order that men should salute officers whom they meet in tramcars in France, has been removed from the sphere of his activities, and we commend Sir Douglas Haig's attention to the "spick and span" craze.

A MATTER FOR INQUIRY.

The kiddies of Australia are just now sending our men free gifts of cigarettes, enclosing in each packet a little memorandum telling them what youngster has forwarded the smokes. It has come to our knowledge that some of the packets are actually being sold to the men. How is it that these touching little offerings are being traded in in this despicable way? To put it plainly, are they stolen by somebody and handed over on profit-sharing terms to dishonest canteen managers? A few days ago Mr. Edgar Jones, M.P. for Merthyr, met with some candid criticism from brother members. He is aged 37 and a bachelor, and has been appointed Superintendent of Camps for the Y.M.C.A. We shall be glad if he can spare time to give this matter his attention.

MISSING MEN.

Can any of their comrades give us news of the following men?—

Pte. A. E. Curtis, 9415, D Co., 2nd A. and S. Hdrs; Pte. R. McOnie, 29355, 16th Canadian Scottish, 3rd Brigade, H Co., 1st Canadian Contingent; Sgt. J. F. Jordan, 2303, A Co., 1st N.F.; Rfn. H. W. Josh..., 971, 12th Platoon, C Co., 8th Rifle Brigade; Cpl. Wm. Haines, S.7..3, B Co., 8th R.W.K.; Cpl. S. Farthorne, 10898, B Co., 8 Ptn., 1st Middlesex R.G.; Pte. W. R. Illoley, 7421, 5th Dragoon Gds.; Cpl. A. J. Hammond, 6261, D Co., 2nd Bedfords; Pte. D. Grant, 5733, A Co., 5th Cameron Hdrs.; Pte. Payne, 2843, 1-5 Norfolks; Pte. W. Willbraham, 26571, 4 Co., 2nd Batt. Cheshires; Pte. C. W. Eldridge, 6391, K.R.R.; Pte. A. Warren, 8243, B Co., 1st Dorsets; Pte. S. Jones, 1615, A Co., 1-5th R Welsh Fusiliers; Sergt. C. Mannings, 9197, 2nd Buffs; Pte. D. Tannabill, 6161, C Co., 3rd A. and S. Hdrs.; Pte. B. Nicholls, 4080, C Co., 2nd Royal Sussex.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

Let me preface these short notes by stating that the holidays necessitate the writing of them before Christmas, so that the information contained is by no means up-to-date. I have to deal with the Gatwick Meeting on New Year's Day, and obviously I shall know a good deal more about that meeting when writing for my "Special" at the week-end. Just what will represent Hare's stable has not yet been decided, but the Dicker horses are right up to form, and as one or other of them will run in each event it is tolerably certain that some of the prizes will fall to its share. Watch the stable in the selling events, and perhaps our old friend—or is it enemy by this time?—MOFAT, may take the Maiden Hurdle.

Visitors to Gatwick should buy their tickets in London before going down. These will be on sale to-day (Wednesday). The journey should be made by road. No trains will stop at Gatwick Station.

My "Special" will be on sale on Thursday, and will contain the latest for the meeting. Orders to the publishers, ODHAMS LIMITED, 93, Long Acre.

Those who want to ensure a good meeting should order the "Dollar" wire. Orders to me by Friday morning at the latest, c.o. JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C. A single wire, 5s., or a series of five for £1.

Owing to pressure upon space, we are compelled to hold over Mr. Corri's Boxing Notes.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 12.

The most correct coupon shows only three errors, and the sender wins the £100 prize. His name and address are as follows:—

DYSON, B., 18, Pasture Road, Harehills, Leeds.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

JAMES PEMBERTON, 8, Clarendon Road, West Hartlepool. 438,942. December 11th.

G. T. C. BROUGH, 25, Ridley Street, Southwick, Sunderland. 314,820 December 4th.

JOHN BARNES, 4, Horse Market, Melso. 237,880. December 11th.

E. H. BRIGHT, 29, Summerstown, Lower Tooting. 900,421. December 4th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of December 25th:—

025081	256904	582470	929904	A163381
035623	328637	633502	943184	A174871
081451	389682	652621	955663	A186978
092558	395345	744198	980758	A237374
112960	433081	751631	991366	A255666
147639	473918	779624	A007330	A283086
159152	499160	799625	A038702	A300153
186723	529351	822688	A077245	A329265
204088	549862	848350	A094000	A374159
229927	567420	860195	A122663	A387167

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published January 5th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. January 1st, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

MEN OF THE MOMENT

COURAGEOUS — swift of arm and brain — revert instinctively to that simple all-sufficient diet of their forbears — WHEAT, with its superb bone making — health giving elements. Allinson unadulterated *Whole* Meal Bread provides the *whole* of the wheat stone ground, as our Grandfathers ground it, to perfection. The name ALLINSON on every loaf and on the Band around it is the Nation's guarantee of the perfect Bread which is also the perfect food.

FREE SAMPLE 2-lb. LOAF.

Send 4d. stamps (to pay carriage) for free 2-lb. sample loaf, N.F. Biscuits, free booklet on "Bread and Health," address of nearest Allinson Baker, and particulars of monthly prize distribution. For 1s. a 3½-lb. trial bag of Allinson Wholemeal will also be sent.

NATURAL FOOD CO., LTD., 210, Cambridge Road, London, E.

Allinson UNADULTERATED WHOLEMEAL Bread

Madame SARAH BERNHARDT "Uses Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Chest, Throat, and Voice and recommends her friends to use them."

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES

BRONCHO-LARYNGEAL.

CHEST. THROAT. VOICE

ASTHMA. CATARRH. COUGH

A Boon to Singers, Clergymen, Teachers. Insist on having "PINELYPTUS." Recommended by Miss Ellen Terry. Sold by Chemists and Stores only in Boxes, 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of

HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE

—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money. When replying to advertisements, be careful to write your name and address clearly.

NO MORE ASTHMA

Every Asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops and you can breathe easily.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. So that you may prove its value, accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" Tells all about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day.

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

GREETINGS.—We have to thank a large number of readers—including many of the boys in the trenches and the camps, and on the sea—for their Christmas and New Year greetings, which we heartily reciprocate. Our only regret is that we are unable to shake every one of them by the hand and personally wish them good luck.

"PATIENT CONVALESCENT" (Blackley).—You, and others, amply confirm our "serious suggestion" that the failure at Suvla Bay was mainly due to bad feeding and disgraceful accommodation on some of the transports. To charge a soldier 3d. for a glass of iced water was a crime. No wonder the O.C. stopped it! Pity he could not remedy other gross abuses.

A. J. (California).—Well spoken. No, we won't forget to hang the Kaiser, but, as a famous lady once said of the rats, we have to catch him first!

B. S. (Seacombe).—The paragraph which we reprinted from *Le Matin*, Paris, may be translated as follows: "In a speech which he delivered in his Hackney constituency, Lord Horatio Bottomley claimed to have discussed with Lord Derby a new recruiting plan." No wonder we remarked "O, Lord!"

J. N. E. (Tottenham).—Of course the people do not trust the politicians. How can they, when they realise that these gentlemen got us into the present mess?

"PUZZLED" (Kuala Lumpur).—We *are* sometimes "hauled up for libel"—but it does not worry us. Your postal order has been handed to our Christmas Poor Fund.

"ONE OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE."—You apparently believe in the divine right of kings. We do not. We believe in the sovereign people, whose might and majesty are centred, by consent, in the King.

I. M. H. S.—So a statement is being made in Edinburgh that we asked for £200 and expenses before we would agree to address a recruiting meeting there. We are not responsible for wild and whirling statements made in Edinburgh.

"HOME BORN" (Durban).—Once we were "a voice in the wilderness." But now that wilderness begins to blossom like the rose.

"PUZZLED" (Essex).—Define the word "economy"? Why, drawing £5,000 a year from the public purse and advising the poor to invest their surplus wealth in War Loan.

"IN KHAKI."—Nations which are "too proud to fight" must be excluded from the peace negotiations when the time comes. They will have no *locus standi*.

"WIGAN."—We agree that "it is not a sin to have been born a German, Austrian, Turk, or Bulgarian." It is worse than a sin—it is a hideous mistake.

C. M. C. (Maida Vale, N.W.) writes: "Beware, sir, Scotland is waiting, and the day is not far distant when her old oppressors are again brought to book!" Excuse our tremblings. All this pother because we sometimes say "English" for "British"!

W. G. (Kettering).—The report of the Kettering Industrial Co-operative Society, Ltd., showing sales for the first nine months of the year amounting to £161,000, is a good argument for taxation of Co-operative Societies' profits, more especially in view of the fact that membership is not confined to the working classes.

"BELLE" (Richmond) and MANY OTHERS.—We feel we must decline the responsibility of giving you the address of the four Belgian soldiers whose quaintly-phrased letter, asking to be placed in communication with English girls with a view to matrimony, we recently reproduced. Although we have no reason to doubt their *bona fides*, we know nothing of them beyond the statements contained in their letter. By the by, the number of girls—to judge from their photos, many of them possessing considerable attractions—who have written us upon the matter is sufficient to set each of the soldiers up as a modern Brigham Young. We were somewhat struck by the fact that you generally write in couples, having, apparently, discussed the subject with your bosom friend.

B. (Belfast) says that she notices the soldiers want to communicate with "English" girls, and asks "Are the Irish girls left out in the cold?" If not, she will be pleased to write to one of them. She, too, encloses a charming photograph, but we are afraid we must refer her to the answer above.

"PATRIOT" (Epsom).—If fit men of military age are trained for munition work at the Technical Institute, Wimbledon, it is in contradiction of the Institute's rules, which declare that students must be "exempt from military service or have attested." We do not wonder that you, as an old soldier, object to work alongside slackers. But don't throw up your job. Stick it.

B. AND G. (Paris).—Great minds think alike. Our cartoonist owed nothing to your p.p.c. issued on April 20th, 1915.

W. R. S. M. (Eastleake).—Don't send us any more decrepit poetry like "An Austrian Army awfully arrayed," etc., which we knew before we were weaned—and expect us to pay for it.

"THE SMITTEN ONE" (London) tells us she was lately assisting at a bazaar, where she met a young fellow with whom she was "positively infatuated," and cried herself to sleep that night thinking she might never meet him again. We cannot advise her what to do unless she assures us her intentions are honourable. Young men are of such value to the country nowadays that they must be protected.

"CAPTAIN OF HEYSHAM GOLF CLUB."—We are glad to learn that your club some six months ago introduced a War Fund box on the No. 1 tee, each player being requested to subscribe a penny a round. We congratulate you on having in this way raised no less a sum than £35, of which we were glad to receive two guineas for own "Greatest of These——" Fund. Other golf clubs might well adopt the excellent idea.

"FIVE READERS OF 'JOHN BULL.' AT PLOWDEN" send us a shillingsworth of stamps "to purchase another rabbit and send it to the Mackintosh." We appreciate the suggestion, but think the better course would be to add the money to our War Sufferers' Fund, which we have done. In these times of railway and postal delays it might happen that a rabbit despatched to that high and mighty gentleman would, by the time it reached him, be rather more lively than he desired.

J. T. (Portmadock) addresses us as "Dear Old Universal Bully," and talks some tosh on a postcard about the Cleveland by-election. At any rate, it proved that there are some 1,500 righteous men in that constituency, which is tidings of comfort and joy.

G. C. (Camden Town) thinks Salvation Army officers "would be more useful across the Channel in real BLOOD AND FIRE" than in venting their lungs in the streets and "whining out their idiotic doggerel." We believe a fair proportion of them are already fighting.

G. F. E. (Alberta).—How could you expect Belgian and French girls, who have been the victims of Hunnish beastiality, to make a public exhibition of themselves for the purpose of encouraging enlistment? Your suggestion is devoid of all delicacy.

A. W. S. (Winnipeg) writes: "*Vive* Kitchener, *vive* John Bull. *und der Teufel strafe Deutschland*!" A jolly good Xmas toast.

"PRIVATE" (Lincoln).—So it was your sweetheart who served us with a ham roll and a small Guinness in the refreshment-room on Chivley Station. And very nice too!

MRS. F. N. (Aston).—The curate who told you that we are an atheist is a holy friar. Your views of Christ's death are strangely like our own.

E. R. (Upper Burmah).—No, it is Lord Haldane of Cloan, *not* Cologne.

B. G. (Bradford) vouches for the truth of the following: RECRUITING OFFICER (*to religious youth*): "Young man, you'd look fine in khaki." RELIGIOUS YOUTH: "Sir, I am in the Army of the Lord!" RECRUITING OFFICER: "Well, you're a d—— long way off t' barracks!"

"CYMRI AM BYTH" (Barrow-in-Furness) wants to know "whether Welsh is a language or a gibberish." It is an older language than English. It is, in fact, old enough to know better.

"DISTRACTED MOTHER" (Ealing).—A terrible story; but as you did not send either your name or address we could not deal with it.

A. C. P. (Camborne).—From the purely material point of view the peer who joins up sacrifices more than the peasant. In other, and higher respects, the sacrifice is equal.

L. P. (Lynton).—We have said our say on the point. The "Church Militant" will have to be rechristened.

G. P. A. K. (2nd Battle Squadron).—We were interested in the *Brecon County Times*' announcement of the death of a "Boar War Hero." We thought at first that it dealt with the decease of some regimental pet at the front.

G. A. R. (Glasgow).—"Why is the yolk of an egg yellow?" So as to give the right colour to custard.

REM. R. McG. (British Army in the Field).—You have not caught us napping, as you seem to think. The inverted commas should have shown you that we were reproducing our correspondent's spelling.

W. McC. (Glasgow).—So you write your insensate and fatuous postcards, not for our perusal, but for the edification of the postal officials through whose hands they pass. Your mental condition must be even worse than we had imagined.

MISS B. P. (Cheltenham).—We almost envy you your daily 12 miles "walk" as a postwoman up and over the Cotswold Hills.

J. J. (Streatham).—You want to know what to do with all your copies of JOHN BULL for the last three years, as you do not wish to destroy them. Give them to a hospital. As you are in Streatham, offer them to the Home for Incurables.

"VICTIM" (Saffron Walden) and OTHERS.—If you will send your full names and addresses we shall be pleased to communicate with you by post in answer to your legal inquiries, which are not of sufficient general interest to warrant publication in this column.

J. C. S. (Glasgow, W.) encloses a usurer's circular, and says he is "sure it would do good to publish the name of the tooting lender." But we have no evidence that he toots.

"EXPERIENCE TEACHES" (I. of M.) advises would-be stewards and stewardesses to avoid the harpies who advertise in the newspapers undertaking to find berths on ocean liners in exchange for extravagant fees, and to apply instead direct to the Shore Steward of the shipping company they may wish to join. Thus an old chief steward confirms our frequent advice and cautions in past issues.

MISS A. P. (Chelsea) wants "a prescription to be used for dipping body belts." The only one we can suggest is, to wear your body-belt when taking your dip.

"JUST A PLAIN TOMMY" (India).—We accept your apology for attempting to rhyme "no cod" with "wild frog," and "cheap" with "weak," and can at least compliment you upon the obvious fact that you do not possess the poetaster's pernicious prop, a rhyming dictionary.

W. T. (Birmingham).—We really could not say whether Black Maria has side windows or not. Perhaps some reader who has had a free ride will inform us.

"AN ENGLISHWOMAN" (Dulwich).—We are quite willing for Montenegro to have a Flag Day.

"TOMMY" (B.E.F., France).—The private you speak of, who answered the sentry's challenge by saying, "Lens thee Frying Pon Wutt," had evidently been foraging.

L/C. S. H. (Plympton).—The name Demain sounds more like French than German: *De main*, of or by hand; also *demain*, to-morrow.

W. A. W. (Barrow-in-Furness).—Cannot advise you to spend three guineas on an "eye exerciser." If you are already short-sighted, you will be even more so if you send money to the quack you mention.

P. J. B. (Yarmouth).—We note that you also have been victimised by the Household Supply Co., 3, Warwick Street, Manchester.

E. F. (Clifton).—Our feelings coincide with yours, but the Government have no option as to paying the £3,500 a year pension to the retired Mr. Justice Joyce.

"CURIOUS."—"What is the principal of animal life?" Man.

S. W. W. (Plymouth) writes thus: "Frail little body, gigantic soul, Writ in gold on God's mighty scroll, The Woman. Tears all the universe compel, Sweet rest in heaven, glorious Cavell."

P. AND SONS (Cork).—If you read "J.B." regularly you would know that Hansen and Gibb, Nottingham, have had that three bales of brown paper on their hands for years. Don't be humbugged.

H. R. C. (Longsight).—We have read your poems, and still live, and move, and have our being. Indeed, we are almost inclined to advise you to "carry on."

"ULSTER" (Newtownards).—The gods of ancient Rome were many. Chief amongst them was Jupiter, who had that little affair with Venus, and one or two other airy-fairy ladies, you know.

"A LADY READER" (Salisbury).—"What to give the cat for mange?" Give it the address of the nearest vet.

"ANXIOUS" (Middlesbrough).—Leave Copson Garrett to his quackery. Consult a doctor.

F. J. R. (Bermondsey) forwards us cheques on Messrs. Grindlay and Co., received by him, for 4d. and 2d. respectively. We cannot, however, make out the drawers.

H. B. R. (Warwick).—Our opinion of Norman Barclay, Argyll House, Kensington High Street, W., has been frequently and freely expressed. He is a preposterous humbug.

E. I. (Harlesden).—A "list of the commonest and most efficient life-saving waistcoats"? Sorry; we are not in the waistcoat trade.

"RUSTICUS" (S. Devon).—Since you characterise our treatment of national problems "meddling with other people's business," and in view of the whole tone of your letter, you would be nearer the mark if in future you signed yourself "Crusty Cuss."

J. H. J. (Great Yarmouth) says: "Tax all married males who have been in the blissful state for 5 years and upwards and have no family." By all means. We should escape.

R. J. C. (S. Tottenham).—You do not believe in reprisals against the Boches. Well, we suppose you are entitled to your views.

PTE. H. E. (Oxted).—By gum, but you write grand for a pit-lad, lad!

SGT. W. H. P. (Curragh) is of opinion that "Cardigan easily takes foremost place for canting hypocrisy." The experiences he relates excuse his bitterness.

F. J. N. (Grimsby).—You may give the glory of having originated the expression "terminological inexactitude" to Winston Churchill.

MARY ANN J. (Stratford).—We have been greatly moved by your pathetic ballad commencing: "Oh! Kaiser, Oh Kaiser, Oh! Kaiser, Oh! Bill." "Oh! Mary Ann!" was all we could murmur when we had finished it.

REV. R. B. R. (Streatham, S.W.).—The song composed by the person you are interested in is quite good, but stands a poor chance just now, when the market is simply glutted with similar productions.

"TAX" (Walsall) suggests a tax of £1 a year on all Parliamentary votes. A tax of £400 a year on all Members of Parliament would be nearer the mark.

"LONGCROFT" (Nottingham) asks whether Lord Roberts predicted the date he would relieve certain towns in the South African war. We do not know.

"MINER" (Bathgate).—How can we expose a firm paying a penny an hour for female labour when you do not tell us what the firm is?

T. M. (Penygraig) requests us to value an old picture of Sam Weller and the Rev. Mr. Stiggins in a public-house. Imposs. Let him try somebody who visits public-houses!

"KITCHEN PORTER" (Pitlochry) has received "a letter from his girl" saying, among other things, that she has found out his true character and that he is "half balmy." What *has* he been up to?

"ONLY A WOMAN" (Sutton).—"What's the Poet Laureate doing? . . . Can't he write a trifling ode, To cheer the King? Can he be moulting, poor old thing?" No. He has gone dumb.

"TIT-FOR-TAT" (London, N.) suggests that we should offer a large money prize for the first airman who drops a bomb on Berlin. We shall be glad to offer a large money prize for the first airman who drops a bomb on the Kaiser.

T. W. P. (Purley).—Have received hundreds of similar complaints in regard to all sorts of firms. Without a doubt many employers have treated members of their staffs with deplorable meanness.

REV. O. J. J. (Winslow).—Sorry we have only just now reached your letter, so big is our bag. Pleased with the news you send. Thanks for your thanks.

H. B. (Sparkhill).—Quite right. In future it ought to be made impossible for any Germhun to live and thrive in this country.

H. N. (Buenos Aires).—As you say, "unfortunately many of our countrymen are so dead to the Imperial spirit that they invariably prefer to patronise any nationality except their own."

MAROA SAN (Shanghai).—That yarn about the dago and the pump has been fitted to every nationality and applied to every engineering firm in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. We thank the *Central China Mail* for its quotation.

A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.

A gem of a Pen is the "John Bull" Pen.

CONCOCTED CONVERSATIONS.

MR. TREVELYAN, M.P., AND MR. C. B. STANTON, M.P.

MR. STANTON: I really don't quite see why Mr. Gulland should have taken the trouble to introduce us, Mr. Trevelyan.

MR. TREVELYAN: Oh, it was merely a little act of courtesy on the part of the Chief Liberal Whip.

MR. STANTON: It must have been a sardonic joke. For if there is any man I have no desire to associate with in political life, sir, it is *you!* Not that I have nothing to thank you for, though.

MR. TREVELYAN: I was not aware that I had placed you under any obligation. If so, it was neither willingly nor knowingly done, sir, I can assure you.

MR. STANTON: Probably not. But the effect was the same. The fact that you supported my opponent at Merthyr was worth a good many votes to me. I consider that the Union of Democratic Control won me the seat. I stood honestly as an independent patriot, and I stand *here* honestly in the House of Commons on the authority of the confidence of my constituents.

MR. TREVELYAN: I don't see what you have to work yourself into a passion about. I——

MR. STANTON: No passion. I'm emphatic, that's all. I shall draw my £400 a year because I am not a rich man, because the Prime Minister has declared that he means to continue to draw *his* salary, and because I faithfully represent the great majority of my constituents. *I shall not be drawing the money under false pretences.*

MR. TREVELYAN: Sir! Do you suggest that I——

MR. STANTON: Here, none of the high horse. I have read the Elland Liberal Association's request that you should resign your seat because you no longer represent the feeling of your constituency on the question of the war, and I have read your shuffling reply. And the conclusion I have come to is that you are not an honest politician. I have only just entered the House, and I must choose my associates carefully. I have no desire that *you* should be one of them, sir.

MR. TREVELYAN: How *dare* you suggest that I am not an honest politician? My views are well known. I have not disguised them.

MR. STANTON: Are your views on the war the same as those of the men who sent you here?

MR. TREVELYAN: No, they are not. But they know what my views are.

MR. STANTON: Do you think, if you resigned and offered yourself for re-election you would be returned?

MR. TREVELYAN: Probably not.

MR. STANTON: Then you do not truly represent your constituency. You are here under false pretences. I presume you are still drawing your Parliamentary salary?

MR. TREVELYAN: That's *my* business.

MR. STANTON: Not solely. You draw public money, but you hold no moral warrant for so doing. What do you call that? We should have an ugly word for it at Merthyr.

MR. TREVELYAN: You take a good deal upon yourself. For a man who has not been in the House more than a few weeks to presume to lecture a member of my experience is unprecedented.

MR. STANTON: I should be ashamed to show my face in the House at all if I were in your position. Whom do you represent? Not your division, but a miserable coterie of disgruntled pro-Boches, half of whom ought to be in jail for treason.

MR. TREVELYAN: Be careful what you say, or repeat it outside the House, if you dare.

MR. STANTON: I'll come down to Elland and repeat it there in public if you'll meet me on the platform.

MR. PONSONBY (*strolling up*): Just a word with you, Trevelyan, if you can spare a moment. [*Exeunt.*

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 For an All-Correct Coupon.

£250 If One Error . . . . . .

£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK.

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, January 8th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Bolton will beat Oldham you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Oldham will beat Bolton then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross* (X).

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, January 7. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's Weekly*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished, only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Fi[illegible]m.

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM
			Bolton W.	v.	Oldham A.
			Preston N. End	v.	Bury
			Stockport C.	v.	Liverpool
			Stoke	v.	Blackpool
			Bradford	v.	Barnsley
			Derby C.	v.	Sheffield U.
			Grimsby	v.	Huddersfield
			Leeds C.	v.	Notts Forest
			Lincoln C.	v.	Hull City
			Notts County	v.	Bradford City
			Sheffield W.	v.	Leicester Fosse
			Brentford	v.	Millwall
			Crystal P.	v.	Fulham
			Ayr United	v	Hearts
			Dumbarton	v.	Celtic
			Clyde	v.	Morton
			Hamilton A.	v.	Partick T.
			Third Lanark	v.	Dundee

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* **HERE**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. 15 Closing date, Friday, January 7th

ZOX

FOR

HEADACHES

and Neuralgia. An unfailing cure. Thousands use these tiny powders. Safe to take at any time.

In 1s. and 2s. 6d. boxes from Chemists, Stores, &c., or post free from ZOX CO., on receipt of price.

FREE.—Send stamped addressed envelope for two free powders Mention Journal. Zox Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

THE DEMAND FOR MOTOR DRIVERS IS GREATER THAN EVER.
Learn at Once.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING Officially investigated and approved by "JOHN BULL."

Unlimited Practical Training until satisfied and proficient.
Lowest Charges. No extra fees.

Official B.S.M. Certificate and Free Benefits of B.S.M. Licensed Motor Employment Agency.

Call or send for particulars, and mention JOHN BULL.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING, Ltd., 5, COVENTRY STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

for hard-walking men—and women

The "PERTH" Scotch Brogue for Men. Thoroughly water-proof and reliable, always retains its perfect shape

Can be had in chrome, box calf, and brown willow calf of specially selected material. **18/6** Post free.
Other qualities 20/-, 22/6.

D. Norwell learnt years ago what the hard-walking man needs in footwear—getting your feet inside Norwell's 'Perth' Brogues means learning what long wear is—and absolute ease under all conditions.

Golfers cannot "swing over" in Norwell Brogues; out-of-doors men, in city or country, find them hardy and stout, *without weight*, and at all times "dressy."

The 'GRAMPIAN' Brogue for Ladies.

A dressy, highly finished one-bar, fancy punched open Brogue, with plated unrustable buckles. Silent, flexible, light-weighing. In rich dark brown and black willow calf. No linings, fits like a glove.
18/6 Post free.
Also made in Patent Calfskin, same design. A beautiful shoe, 20/-. H W Φ

Norwell's 'Perth' Brogues

DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND

Norwell's guarantee perfect satisfaction with every transaction—or cheerfully refund every penny of your money.

D. NORWELL AND SON, PERTH • SCOTLAND.
Specialists in good wearing footwear (established over 100 years).

Foreign Orders receive special attention Write now for New Footwear Catalogue.

Trust the man behind the boot.

NOW ON SALE—ONE PENNY.

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S WAR VERSES

"Why is the Red Blood Flowing?"

(TOGETHER WITH PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR),

Can be obtained to order from all Bookstalls and Newsagents, or post free 1d. from Messrs. Odhams Limited (Publishing Department), 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

FARROW'S BANK

LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts.

Authorised Capital ...	£1,000,000
Shares Issued	700,000
Shareholders	4,000

Chairman - - - - Mr. THOMAS FARROW.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS opened with £5 and upwards, 2½ per cent. interest paid on credit balances above £10.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS opened and interest paid from 3½ to 5 per cent., according to notice of withdrawal.

Write or call for Special Booklet to

HEAD OFFICE—

1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

Branches throughout the United Kingdom.

A. B. & CO.

"John Bull" guarantees

The Last Word Pipe

to be as advertised. All the advantages claimed for it are more than borne out in use. Hundreds of letters from satisfied smokers state this. Therefore, there is no longer any need to doubt that the Last Word Pipe does banish the nicotine nuisance (it is the coolest and driest smoking pipe invented); does save ¼ of the tobacco, while doubling the pleasures of smoking (there is no wet unsmokeable plug to be wasted); does give a finer fragrance to the tobacco; is stormproof—rain and wind cannot put it out; and does give REAL PIPE-JOY. Don't *you* want these advantages in the pipe you smoke?

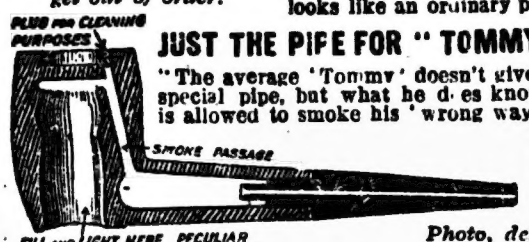
PRICES.	s.	d.
"Special"	2	0
Silver-mounted ..	2	9
"Extra," finest grained French briar, guaranteed	5	0
Silver-mounted do.	6	6

Postage abroad 6d. extra.
Cross Cheques & P.O.'s London Joint Stock Bank.

Made in London from specially imported French Briar: no loose parts to get out of order.

Last Word
THE UPSIDE DOWN PIPE

"Evening News" (London) says:—"It is wind, rain and nicotine proof. Although the bowl is inverted no ash drops out, and it looks like an ordinary pipe."



JUST THE PIPE FOR "TOMMY" OR "JACK."

"The average 'Tommy' doesn't give a 'cuss' about any special pipe, but what he does know about it is that he is allowed to smoke his 'wrong way' pipe as he calls it when cigarettes and ordinary pipes are forbidden."
Lt. F. C.—. B.E.F.

Photo, description and guarantee on request.

J. F. WYSE, 6, GERRARD MANS, GERRARD STREET, **London, W.**

Entrance opposite The Boulogne and Maxim's Restaurants.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

START THE NEW YEAR WELL BY WINNING A "BULLETS" PRIZE

2ND PRIZE £25	FIRST PRIZE £250	2ND PRIZE £25

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	2000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

OVER 5,000 PRIZES TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

☞ **Please note that Competitors can now make use of a third coupon, which is to be found on the page opposite.**

No. Closing date, Thursday, January 6th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(170) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 170," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, January 6th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(170) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 171. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 13th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **171** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 171, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 171.

THE NEW GENERAL	GERMAN OFFICIAL	A LITTLE MISS	NOTHING DOING
TOMMY'S FAVOURITE	MAKES FATHER LAUGH	WELCOME CHANGE	GOES DOWN WELL
MOST AMUSING WHEN	STEADY HANDS	BOLD TYPE	MIXING THINGS
GETTING MARRIED	AFTER THE WEDDING	PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT	CAUSES ILL FEELING
MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION	MONEY MATTERS	TELLING THE WIFE	LAST KISS

Soldiers and Sailors desiring to send extra "Bullets" may submit them on plain paper. An entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" submitted must be enclosed. If possible entry fees should be paid by English postal-orders. English stamps and notes on the Bank of France will also be accepted. No other notes of any kind will be accepted.

This week's list of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 170 :—

A HAPPY NEW YEAR
GROWING ARMY
MAKES THE KAISER START
BRITISH MADE
BAND OF HOPE
AFTER CHRISTMAS
HARD TO FIND
BEGINNING WELL
ILL AT EASE
NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE
SPENDING TOO MUCH
HAVING ONE
GIVES POOR SATISFACTION
NOW AND THEN
LIGHT BILL
NOTHING TO SAY
RETURNED EMPTY
MAKES FATHER SORRY
A MISUNDERSTANDING
AFTER NIGHT OUT
CAN'T AGREE
A GOOD FEED
RICH UNCLE
AFTER CLOSING TIME
COSTLY ACTION
THOUGHTS OF HOME
JERRYBUILT HOUSE
PET HOBBY
TREATED WITH SUSPICION
IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE, or **FOUR** words, having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you :—
Example :—
RETURNED EMPTY.
Bullet :—
TRAMP CALLED ON MISER.
Example :—
COSTLY ACTION.
Bullet :—
OFFENDING HEIRESS' FATHER.
Example :—
A GOOD FEED.
Bullet :—
ALWAYS APPRECIATED.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated January 22nd.

This week's Bullet Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's Weekly" dated January 1st.

RESULT OF 167TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £300:—

Mr. ALFRED DENT,
5, Melbourne Terrace,
Friston Street,
Ladywood, Birmingham.

Example:—WHAT DO YOU WANT?
Bullet:—NEWSAGENT DOESN'T ASK—THURSDAYS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £200:—

Miss EDNA GREENWOOD,
347, Padiham Road,
Burnley, Lancs.

Example:—BEGINNING TO DOUBT.
Bullet:—TENOR—OF FINDING "ALICE."

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:—

Miss GLADYS SLAUGHTER,
124, Westcombe Hill,
Blackheath, London, S.E.

Example:—PRACTISING ECONOMY.
Bullet:—"ALL" THROUGH IGNORING "BOBS."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. A. S. GRIFFITH, Abbey House, Malvern:
BEFORE THE WEDDING—WITHDRAWAL OF "DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS."

Mr. J. ARTHUR, 7, Laura Street, All Saints' Road, Halifax:
BEFORE THE WEDDING—EVERY MINUTE'S "PRECIOUS."

Mr. GEO. A. SHERRATT, 6, Gilmour St., Tonypandy, Glam.:
LADY BARBER—NEITHER—IN MY EXPERIENCE.

Mr. R. HEWITT, Warriston, Woodman Rd., Warley, Essex:
ENTERTAINING COMPANY—CHRISTMAS "DOUBLE NUMBER."

Mr. JOS. COULTHARD, Norton, Doncaster:
A LITTLE KID—OFTEN "ADOPTED" WITH SUCCESS.

Mr. H. SHERWELL, 149, Brownlow Hill, Liverpool:
A LITTLE KID—DOCTOR'S "TRUSTING YOU'RE WELL."

Mr. E. HAY, 20, Greenhill Place, Edinburgh:
PRACTISING ECONOMY—DOESN'T "PAY" TRADESMAN.

Mr. J. WILLIAMS, Hermat, Albert Crescent, Penarth, S. Wales:
SWEET SIMPLICITY—IF FATHERS DESIGNED DRESSES.

Mr. SYDNEY LE ROSSIGNOL, 2, Prospect Terrace, St. Aubyns Road, Jersey:
REALISING EVERYTHING—THEN "FIGHTING" FOR EXISTENCE.

Mr. MILTON ENGLISH, 116, Alderson Road, Great Yarmouth:
TAKING IT QUIETLY—SOMETIMES A "LITTLE BEHINDHAND."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. HUBERT BERRY, 213, Longfield Road, Bolton:
JUST AS GOOD—AS KAISER—HIS SISTER.

Mrs. MABEL SEAGROVE, 18, Alexandra Road, Gipsy Hill, London, S.E.:
TAKING IT QUIETLY—THOSE "KNOWING" WIVES.

Miss A. CONNOLLY, 40, Brynn Street, St. Helens, Lancs.:
JUST AS GOOD—FORD, AS CHARLIE CHAPLIN.
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. T. D. EYNON, 1, Sea View Villa, Cadoxton, Glam.:
PRACTISING ECONOMY—GOOD GENERAL, IN LIVES.

Gunner A. FOULDS, Northants, R.F.A., 55, Bridge Street, High Wycombe:
TAKING IT QUIETLY—RUNAWAY HAT TILL APPROACHED.

Mr. R. B. DAVIES, Fern Croft, Havard Road, Llanelly:
PRACTISING ECONOMY—"SHARING" OUR ONLY "COURSE."

Mr. ROBT. MORTON, 1, Salem Street, Plymouth:
SWEET SIMPLICITY—ENGLISH TRUSTING ARABS.

Mr. ALWYN JONES, 36, Grawen Street, Porth, Glam.:
WHAT DO YOU WANT?—KAISER DAREN'T ASK POPULACE.

Mr. CHAS. J. PELLIN (junr.), "Eaglehurst," Hatfield Road, Torquay:
BEGINNING TO DOUBT—WE "TRUST" NOT.

Mr. JAS. BOTTOMLEY, 29, Longton Road, Blackpool:
BEFORE THE WEDDING—SHE ADMIRES HIS "GIFTS."

100 Prizewinners of 5s. each.

ADAMS, FREDERICK S., Quennor, Wensleydale, Hampton-on-Thames.
ALLEN, T. W., 4, Pavilion Terrace, Hetton-le-Hole, Durham.
APPLEBY, F., "Raincliffe," 146, Clumber Street, Hull.
ASHBY, GEORGE, H.M.S. *Warspite*, c.o. G.P.O., London.
BARKER, A. G., 26, Kevelioc Road, Tottenham.
BARRETT, L., 6, Cross Street, Cowes, I.o.W.
BASTER CHARLES, 62, Portland Street, Southport.
BATEMAN, H. J. (L.-Corporal), 524, 16th R. Warwick Regt., 137, Brighton Road, Moseley, Birmingham.
BELCHER, G. J., 28, Avondale Road, Birmingham.
BELLAMY, F. R., 101, Belvedere Road, Burton-on-Trent.
BELL, THOMAS, 2, Hospital Hill, Dunfermline.
BEST, ERNEST R., Allington Park, Bridport.
BOWDEN, L. C. L., 39, Carlyle Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
BOWEN, A. W. (Sergt.-Maj.), 6th R. W. Fus. Drill Hall, Menai Bridge, Anglesey.
BROOKS, C. H., 2, Warwick Place, Francis Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
BUTLER, JOSEP, 37, Spring Street, Hucknall, Notts.
CAMPBELL, A. D., c.o. G. Potter and Co., Aldershot.
CHRIMES, HARRY, Ivanhoe, Morley, Warrington.
CLARK, ALICE E., Thorner, near Leeds, Yorks.
COOK, H. T. (Mrs.), 525, Green Lanes, Harringay.
CONRY, F., "Carfax," Brampton Park Road, Hitchin.
COOPER, W., 17, Salisbury Road, Exmouth.
CRAM, E. H. 24, Beech Street, Jarrow-on-Tyne.
CROKER, J., 35, Burn Terrace, Rosehill, Wellington-on-Tyne.
CURRAGH, A., Groomsport, Bangor.
DENT, M. (Mrs.), 22, Shaftesbury Street, Burnley.
DIXON, E., 3, Lion Terrace, Portsea.
DRESSNER, E. (Mrs.), 40, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.
DUNBAR, ALEXANDER, 18, Farwaters, Dronfield, nr. Sheffield.
DUNNE, JAMES, 10, Upper Clanbrassil Street, Dublin.
ERSKINE, R., 19, Canning Place, Glasgow.
FINCH, C. W., Lydford, Devon.
FLETCHER, A. M., 24, Kensington Road, Barnsley.
FOSTER, HENRY, 3, Somerleyton Terrace, Paignton.
GADSBY, A. W., 197, Sandford Grove Road, Sheffield.
GASKIN, S., 93, Victoria Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
GORDON, V. CONWAY, Longley House, Rochester.
GRAHAM, B. S. (Mrs.), 8, Station Road, Poulton-le-Fylde.
GRIEVE, GEORGE, 120, Princes Street, Edinburgh.
HALL, A., 9, Priestley Street, Warrington.
HAMPSON, HUBERT, 3, Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool.
HODGES, G. (Miss), 7, Percy Avenue, Whitley Bay.
HOGAN, DANIEL, H.M.S. *Defence*, c.o. G.P.O., London.
HOLMES, J. A. (Miss), 52, Albany Road, Sharrow, Sheffield.
HUGHES, C., 12, The Crescent, Ebbw Vale.
HUTCHISON, N. H., 48, Beckenham Road, Penge.
JARRETT, ARCH. V., 110, Park Road, Caterham, Surrey.
JONES, MAUD (Mrs.), 17, Charlton Street, Pennywell Road, Bristol.
JONES, T. O., 22, Syren Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool.
JONES, G. HARRIES, 54, St. Helens Road, Swansea.

In consequence of going to press early this week we are unable to publish a facsimile of the cheque for £250 awarded last week.

KING, B. (Miss), "The Larches," Wargrave, Berks.
KEWLEY, ANNIE (Mrs.), 26, Buckland Street, St. Michael's, Liverpool.
LAWN, T. G., 33, Allen Road, Beckenham.
MCDONALD, W., 56, Bush Street, Pembroke Dock.
MCGIBBON, JOHN, 83, Dunning Road, Liverpool.
MARTIN, L. (Mrs.), 38, Harborough Road, Southampton.
MILHAM, J., 180, Old London Road, Ore, Hastings.
MILLER, M. S. H., 81, Corrance Road, Brixton.
MIRLEY, JOHN, Ballechin, Ballinling, Perth.
MOFFAT, E. J., 23, Rosebery Road, Carlisle.
MOLYNEUX, H. J., 80, Mersey Road, Widnes.
MUNRO, JAMES, 368, Easter Road, Leith.
MURRAY, JOHN, 74, Cornwall Street, Cardiff.
NICHOLAS, A. (Mrs.), 3, St. Clements Road, Neyland.
NICHOLSON, GEORGE, West End, Bedlington, Northumberland.
NUNN, JOHN, 40, Granville Road, Frizinghall, Bradford.
OSBORNE, HENRY, 12, Clive Avenue, Hastings.
PARKER, T. B., c.o. T. S. Fry and Sons, Bristol.
PATTERSON, MABEL (Miss), 37, Langham Road, Blackburn.
PAUL, N., 5, Windsor Terrace, Perth.
PEARSON, S., Farnham Park, Bangor.
PHILP, WILLIAM F., "Trelawney," Weybridge.
PRICE, P. M., 181, High Street, Blackheath, Staris.
SERGEANT, W., Lanivet, Bodmin.
SHALCROSS, M. (Mrs.), 2, St. Paul's Road, Tottenham.
SIMPSON, F., 2, Kimberley Terrace, Fulford, York.
SLEIGH, B. (Mrs.), 138, Burnley Road, Accrington.
SLADE, M. (Mrs.), 32, Pevensey Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
SMITHERS, A. T., 6, High Street, Mortlake.
SPENCER, J. T., 68, Earlsbury Gardens, Birchfield, Birmingham.
SQUIRE, M., 39, Mary Street, Griffithstown, near Newport, Mon.
STEVENS, JAMES J., Stainton, Penrith.
STURCH, F., 110, Osborne Road, Forest Gate.
SUTCLIFFE, ERIC, Chief Accountant's Office, G. C. Railway, London Rd., Manchester.
SYMONDS, HORATIO, 110, Palgrave Road, Great Yarmouth.
TAYLOR, A. J., Assistant Paymaster, c.o., Mercantile Marine Office, West Hartlepool.
THALLON, T. (Miss), 10, Fair Green, Dundalk, Ireland.
THOMAS, T. C., 15, Mirador Crescent, Swansea.
WADDINGHAM, J. W., 3, Cole Park View, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.
WADSWORTH, H., 87, Baxandall Street, Bradford.
WARREN, RALPH, 3, Victoria Place, Haverfordwest.
WAUMSLEY, G.W., Nidd Ripley, Harrogate.
WEBBER, H. E., 25, Grange Road, West Bromwich.
WELCH, GEORGE, 9, Airey Terrace, Gateshead.
WHALEY, A., 23, Bowse Avenue, Salisbury.
WHITWORTH, H., 37, Canfield Avenue, Meersbrook, Sheffield.
WILLIAMS, J. E., Henblas School, Llangefni, Anglesey.
WRENCH, TOM, "Maybrough," Tarraway, Road, Paignton.
YOUNG, G. (Junr.), 5, Bank Street, Teignmouth.
YOUNG, J. V., Bo'ness Distillery, Bo'ness.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All three coupons can be used, but a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be enclosed and made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon must enclose one postal order for the amount covering the number of their coupons.
4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.
5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, January 6th.**

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(170) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE ABOVE COMPETITION CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"INDIGESTION

CHRONIC FOR THREE YEARS."
"DISCHARGED AS INCURABLE
AFTER FOUR MONTHS IN THE INFIRMARY."
"INDIGESTION PAINS WERE SIMPLY TERRIBLE."
"Unable to take any SOLID FOOD FOR A WEEK AT A TIME."
"SPENT ANY AMOUNT OF MONEY ON TREATMENT."
"CURED BY YOUR WONDERFUL CICFA."

"Cicfa acted like a charm. I am off to the Front again, and I am pleased to say that I am going out a different man, not much like what I was when I went to Belgium last January. Make what use of this letter you please."

PRIVATE C. WILLIAMS,
of the 7th ROYAL FUSILIERS, wrote
ALL THE ABOVE STATEMENTS.

He wrote the letter in gratitude, a short time ago, after 3 years of misery, pain and disheartening treatment for Chronic Indigestion, both at home and in a well-known infirmary, where he was for 4 months.

Cicfa cured him. *WE* ARE NOT SURPRISED. Your *DOCTOR,* if he has used Cicfa, would not be surprised.

Cicfa cured Private Williams and cures thousands, because it contains that combination of Digestive Ferments which Nature must supply to the Stomach and Bowel if your food is to be properly digested. You have Indigestion when those Ferments are not being supplied in proper quantity. By taking Cicfa you take enough of those Ferments to ensure complete digestion of all the Albuminous food, like eggs and meat, in the Stomach, and all the Starchy food like bread, potatoes, beans, etc., in the Bowel. Thus all the nourishment is extracted from all your food. It passes into the blood, and on to nourish your whole system, Fermentation ceases, so that you do not suffer from gases or distressing Flatulence with that "feeling of fulness after eating," nor from hard masses or "Starch Balls," and Constipation with all its misery, weakness and discomfort. Your blood grows purer and richer, because nothing except pure nourishment from digested food enters your blood. Thus you can be sure that after taking Cicfa, whether you are **"off to the Front" or off to work, or staying at home, you will soon feel like Private Williams, that is, a different person,** whether you are a Man, Woman, or Child.

Cicfa has been taken up by nearly 10,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results secured upon themselves and patients.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa to assist digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity, and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain.

WARNING. Let no person impose upon you by selling you one of the 47 worthless imitations of Cicfa (at 6d. or 7½d.) now on the market.

Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home causes Constipation. That is not the Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion. Cicfa is the only cure.

Prices 1/3 and 3/-

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your Name and Address with this coupon, and one penny stamp for postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.

CICFA CURES INDIGESTION CONSTIPATION ATONY OF THE STOMACH AND BOWELS

CAPSULOIDS (1909), Ltd.,
8a, Duke Street, Manchester Square, London, W.

JOHN BULL, 1/1/16.

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